

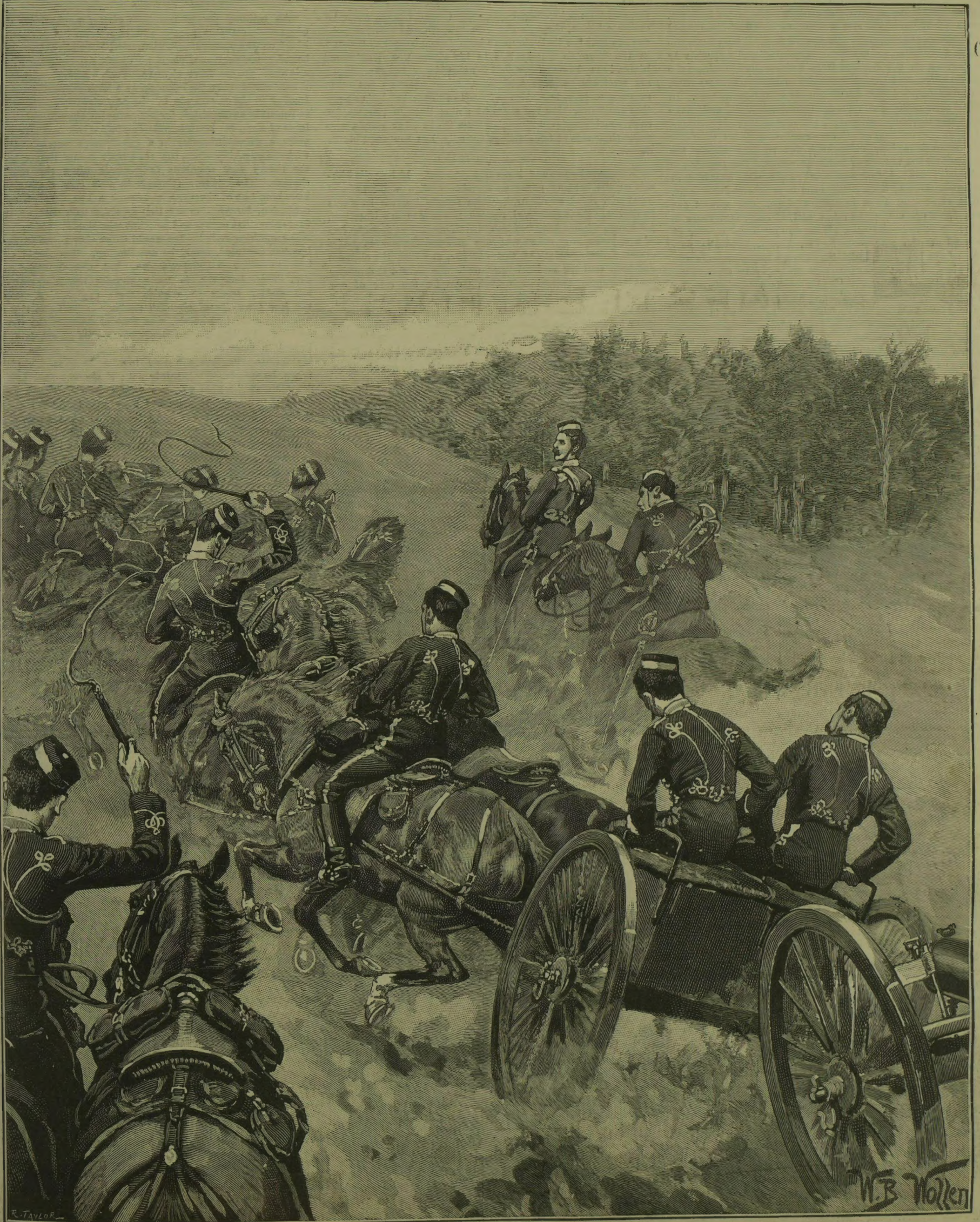
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE AUTUMN CAVALRY MANŒUVRES ON THE BERKSHIRE DOWNS: ARTILLERY TAKING UP POSITION.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A scientific gentleman has discovered that weather comes by rotation! not, of course, at small intervals—or “alternately,” as the cards sometimes run, according to the superstition, at whist—but in cycles. This theory, if correct, would be extremely useful. If Wellington could have ascertained, for example, what sort of weather they had had at the battle of Marathon, it would have been invaluable to him at Waterloo, if the cycle had just then been complete. He would have been able to calculate upon the arrival of the Prussians with much more nicety. There are some “ifs,” it will be observed, even in this new departure, but that is from the want of meteorological returns among the ancients. If observations had been taken early enough, we should now be able to make our plans for everything, from a campaign to a picnic; and our descendants, in the twenty-fifth generation or so, will be in a position to do this. They will not be compelled to get their forecasts from America, but will only have to refer to what happened here so many hundred years ago. This will be an immense convenience, especially as regards our summer holidays. No one would have gone this August to Scotland if he could have foreseen the weather. Of course we shall hear from the natives that September has been “glorious,” and oppressively hot, because all the English have fled southwards from the cold and the wet, and there is nobody to contradict them. But, at all events, we know what August was there in 1890. In 2390 (if that is the cycle) we shall remember that, and make our arrangements accordingly.

It is curious how differently wet weather affects the residents and the visitors of a seaside resort. The former are in despair; cannot conceive how people who can live in London—as some of them really seem to be in a position to do, if they liked—can dwell in such a place. One cannot get about, for there are no hansoms, and, if one could, there is nowhere to go to in the rain. What do they do in weather of this kind all the year round? The same feeling takes possession of the Londoner in driving through any village in the wet. The ducks in the yellow pond are enjoying themselves, but every other object that meets his eye is melancholy to the last degree. A few people are going about, downcast—as well they may be—and saturated. They seem to have no business, and are certainly not walking for pleasure. The immense barn, with its dripping eaves, is probably created for the convenience of suicides. Presently he sees a fine house and garden. “Gracious goodness!” he exclaims, “then there is someone who lives here from choice!”

Now the resident at the seaside entertains quite different views. He takes the rain, as we take it in London, as it comes, and thinks little or nothing about it. It is rather hard, he admits, for the poor Cockneys, who have only this one month in the year to enjoy themselves. He does not grudge them their holiday, though they are a nuisance, because their presence is good for trade in the town. It raises prices (but not to him: there are alien and native prices!), and enables tradespeople to pay their rent. While they are here, however, it is really impossible to go “on the front,” on account of the mob. When a resident is acquainted with a visitor, he tells him that “he cannot imagine how charming the place is in November, when there is nobody here.” Heavens!

Another effect of the weather on the visitor is that, before his holiday has come to an end, Paterfamilias is apt to hint that he is very ready—for the common convenience—to go back to town in advance of the rest, “to see to things.” Whereupon Materfamilias inquires (rather sharply), “What things?” as well she may. For, if there is one person utterly unfitted to look after matters of the house, it is the nominal head of it. So far from being competent to deal with the British workman, at present in occupation of his premises—to check the painter, or rout the plumber, or superintend the sanitary arrangements—he would be worsted in a conflict with the charwoman. It is only that he has discovered that his club is open again, and that there is a rubber; and the rain-fall washes his mind in that direction.

That a police magistrate should have estimated the average value of a cat at ten shillings has caused general surprise, and, unfortunately, the wrong sort of surprise. The public think it too high. There are some things that make one almost despair of human nature, and this is one of them. “The boy that loves a baby” has been immortalised in song, but “the boy that loves a cat” has found no laureate. That is only to be expected. But that man—the mature-minded, the cultured, and all the rest of it—should depreciate the cat is a melancholy reflection indeed! Comparisons are odious. I do not wish to dwell upon the inferiority of the dog, or even of the horse—that largest and lowest in the scale of pet creation—but when one considers how highly these animals are thought of, when ten shillings is said to be too high a price for a cat, one feels inclined to ask, “Where is taste, where is observation, where is appreciation of intelligence?” “Oh, Judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason.” It is gone to the cats, who, indeed, possess the most admirable judgment. The dog is never satisfied with his position, and, even when he has found a comfortable one, turns round half a dozen times before he will lie down in it. The cat, on coming into a room, selects at sight the warmest and softest place—the lap of a lady sitting in the sun, or by the fire, for choice—and (unless she is so brutal as to move first) will stop there till dinner-time. If another cat mews, he doesn’t raise his ears, and scramble to his feet and bark (a cat never barks), but says to himself, “Let him mew, I’m all right.” He is full of gratitude, in the human sense, penetrated with the sense of more cream and soft strokings to come, and never forgets an injury. You don’t catch him licking the hand that licks him: he resents the least attempt

at conciliation from a hostile source—mistrusts the enemy even “bringing gifts”—and, if he offers a paw in return, it is with the claws out. I don’t defend his swearing, the less because it does not relieve his feelings as it does with us, but leaves him more angry than ever, but there are worse things than strong language. His nature is eminently affectionate, but you must (literally) stroke him the right way. His habits are most domestic: he is always content to be at home, never wants to go out in the wet, and is always ready for bed. If he is not fond of noisy and teasing children, that prejudice is shared by some of the wisest of mankind, and, like Solomon, he is devoted to the fair sex. As the dog is “the friend of man,” the cat is the friend of woman—a circumstance, of itself, immensely to his credit. He is a comfort to many who have no one else to comfort them. He is never a trouble to them, as husbands and sons and daughters often are. I will not speak of his intelligence, because persons who have not studied cats as I have done would not believe me; but there are many young gentlemen who write for the reviews (and remind one of him in some ways) who are his inferiors. We often get him for nothing: a blessing in disguise (covered with soot), he creeps, a kitten, through our area railings, and richly repays our hospitality: he is cheap to keep (though every breakage in the house is falsely laid to his charge), and entwines himself round every heart that is not cold and callous. There are wretches, we are told, who, when they go for their summer outings, leave him in town to starve; but let us hope that the Power that has given him nine lives to provide for such contingencies will punish them for it. The people who value their cats at ten shillings are only less contemptible in degree.

Everyone knows and loves the club cat. If he coils himself on the evening paper, no member with a well-regulated mind will think of disturbing him merely because he wants to read it. He is chartered, though not of course a libertine; yet somebody has lately so lost his self-respect as to make fun of a very touching correspondence between the secretary of a club and the secretary of a cats’ home, to whom the club cat had been sent for medical treatment. He thinks it amusing that the poor animal has died, “despite the care of our veterinary surgeon, and though we gave her eggs and milk,” and asks sardonically, “if the club had lost a biped, whether more sympathy could have been expressed?” Perhaps not, for some of its bipeds could have been better spared. Would this gentleman persuade us that the club cat is not, for example, an object of greater value than the club bore? If so, he knows as little of clubs as of cats.

The provisions of the New Police Act respecting street noises are excellent; but, in putting them in practice, the municipalities of provincial towns seem to strain at gnats and swallow camels. In one place, the *Daily News* tells us, the poor newspaper boys are prohibited from crying their wares, and in another the boatmen are forbidden to make the polite inquiry, “A row or a sail, Mum?” And yet the nigger minstrels and the barrel organists are permitted to ply their far more offensive trades. It is nothing less than scandalous that “peace and quiet,” for which so many of us seek the seaside, have become practically unobtainable. The sudden appearance of a monkey in a red coat in your breakfast-room is trying to the nervous, but, when followed by a huge Italian showing his teeth and demanding a shilling, it becomes alarming. And what he wants to be paid for is the excruciating noise he has been grinding outside your garden gate for half an hour. If you say “Go away!” he either replies that he “no speak Inglese” or transfers his attentions to next door. Do the authorities of our health-resorts (!) imagine that this or the clatter and chatter of nigger minstrels is attractive to invalids, or that their ailment is always deafness?

If the story of Aaron Levy’s dancing turkeys be true, it is not new; the poor bear used to be similarly encouraged to dance by heating his iron floor. Nay, “in the days of the Dandies,” one of them won large sums by his speedy caterpillar, who outraced his competitors of the “many twinkling feet” by having the plate, which was his racecourse, warmed for him. With the exception of Lord Alvanley, who had wit, I have always had my doubts of the Dandies, and the other day I came across an account of them by a friend (of course) and contemporary, who by no means takes that rose-coloured view of them taken by the writer in *Blackwood*. “How unspeakably odious, except Alvanley and one or two others,” he says, “were the Dandies of forty (now eighty) years ago! They were a motley crew, with nothing remarkable about them but their insolence. They were generally not highborn, nor rich, nor very good-looking, nor clever, nor agreeable (this description curiously resembles Thackeray’s portrait of a female leader of fashion); and why they arrogated to themselves the right of setting up their own fancied superiority, and despising their betters, Heaven only knows! They were mostly middle-aged, some even elderly men, had large appetites and weak digestions, gambled freely, and had no luck. They hated everybody, and abused everybody, and would sit together in White’s bay window, or the pit boxes of the opera, weaving tremendous crammers. They swore a good deal, had their own particular slang, never laughed, looked hazy after dinner, and had most of them been patronised by Brummel or the Prince Regent.” It is certain they did not patronise Captain Gronow, or he would hardly have written this account of them, and it is possible that they allied themselves with those who accused him of “weaving tremendous crammers.”

M. Chatrian, the literary partner of M. Erekman, is dead. The firm was dissolved before, through slanderous tongues that stifled the friendship of these two great writers, and whether we shall hear again from the survivor is doubtful. We English are under great obligations to them both, for their works have stood the test of translation better than those of any other foreigner. “The Blockade” and “Waterloo”

opened a new realm of Fiction. We had had many spirited military novels, but only one side of war had hitherto been shown to us—the golden one ablaze with glory. The Erekman-Chatrian stories showed the other: they painted not only the horrors of war, but the curse it is to social life—the contrast between the Conscript and the Labourer. And yet—what our controversialists of to-day so seldom are—they were fair: they gave the warriors their due. The effect produced upon their fellow-countrymen, in the interests of peace, has been very great. If they proved the benefits of the splendid successes of the First Napoleon to be illusory, how contemptible must they have made the pinchbeck splendours of the Third! Certain well-meaning societies in this country lament that “Pure Literature” does not sell, or makes no mark. Literature at five shillings a column is not likely to make much mark; but Erekman-Chatrian have shown what pure literature in strong hands can do, even in France. It is sad to read that M. Chatrian fell a victim to overwork and worry—the latter caused by the “falling out” between himself and his old collaborateur!

An eminent person has been giving a character sketch of another eminent person, and attributes his “staring at him” on the first introduction, “with eyes that seemed to be of glass or stone, as if he didn’t see him, for full two minutes,” to excessive shyness. Such a reception, one would think, would make the other party a little shy—of proceeding further in the cultivation of the acquaintance. The account is probably exaggerated, for two minutes, though not a large lapse of time, is a considerable interval—just as a few inches make a great difference in a gentleman’s nose—in staring without speaking—but the statement seems to corroborate the theory that apparent rudeness is often the result of shyness. The sufferer (though in this case there seem to have been two of them) seems at such a loss, through modest confusion, for what to say, that he either says nothing, or the first thing that occurs to him; but why should this be generally something rude? One would think that a modest person, however confused, would be conciliatory. One would expect him to show self-depreciation, but not depreciation of *you*. This, however, is unfortunately not the case, and the matter seems to require some explanation. One of the few examples of churlish modesty, where the shy man was only rude to himself, was that of Gretser, the German scholar. He had a morbid aversion—rare in scholars, and, indeed, in most of us—to every description of praise. When his fellow-townsmen proposed to him to have his picture taken, he answered, “Certainly not: if you want my portrait, draw an ass.” This was not very gracious, though one is tempted to say it was true; but they only said, “Our Gretser is so shy!” They made it up to him in what seems a nice way—very. “They purchased,” we are told, “all his works—which were not inconsiderable in number—and devoted them to the use of the public.” I know authors who are extremely shy, and yet have never had this compliment paid to them.

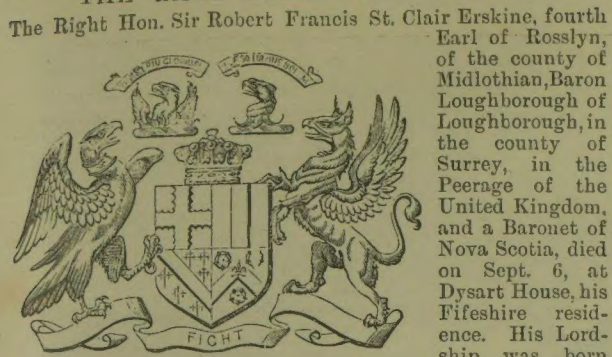
THE AUTUMN CAVALRY MANŒUVRES.

The Cavalry Division from Aldershot, under command of Major-General Sir Baker Russell, assembled on the Berkshire Downs, near Churn and Uffington, from Saturday, Sept. 6, to continue during fourteen days, is formed into two brigades—the first commanded by Major-General Le Quesne, the second by Colonel Liddell, who manœuvre against each other. Each has two batteries of Royal Horse Artillery. The 1st Brigade, General Le Quesne’s, at Churn, comprises a regiment of mixed Royal Horse Guards and Life Guards; two light regiments, the 8th and 14th Hussars; and the Royal Dragoons; with two horse batteries (D and I) and the Royal Engineers Telegraph Battalion—making in all over 4000 men and horses, with the various guns (including machine guns), telegraph-waggons, and other vehicles necessary for so large a body of fighting men. The 2nd Brigade, Colonel Liddell’s, at Uffington, is composed of the 5th Dragoons, four squadrons, under Colonel J. B. B. Dickson; 12th Lancers, three, under Colonel F. M. Wardrop; 19th Hussars, four, under Colonel J. D. P. French; and 20th Hussars, three, under Colonel F. J. Graves; with the K and L Batteries of Royal Horse Artillery; this brigade is further augmented by Colonel Hutton’s regiment of Mounted Infantry, and by the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry under the Marquis of Bath. The Army Transport Service Corps is also in the field. The troops were inspected by Lieut.-General Sir Evelyn Wood, who afterwards established his headquarters at Crookham to view the manœuvres, and a camp has been formed near Wantage for Sir Baker Russell, the officer in general command. It has been notified that when the columns act separately the Royal Horse Artillery with each brigade will form a separate division, that with the 1st Brigade being under Colonel Rothe, and that with the 2nd under Lieut.-Colonel Inge. For the convenience of the public the Great Western Railway Company has arranged that during the manœuvres all passenger trains on the Newbury and Didcot Railway will stop at Churn.

THE CAPE COLONY PARLIAMENT.

The ceremony of proroguing the Colonial Parliament at Capetown was performed at the close of its Session, on Aug. 20, by the Governor, Sir H. B. Loch. This was the first occasion, since Sir Bartle Frere was Governor, on which the prorogation was done by the Governor in person; and we are indebted to a correspondent, Mr. Doyle Glanville, surgeon to the steam-ship *Trojan*, of the Union Mail Line, who was among the spectators, for a sketch of the scene. The Governor’s arrival was greeted with a salute of nineteen guns; and there was a guard of honour formed by a detachment of the 1st North Staffordshire Regiment—their last public service before embarking in the troop-ship *Himalaya*, for the Mauritius. His Excellency was attended by his staff, Major Sapte, military secretary; Mr. Seymour Fort, private secretary; and Captain Bauer Temperley, C.M.G. At the entrance of Parliament House the Governor was received by the Premier, the Hon. Cecil Rhodes; the Hon. Mr. Matthew Blake, Usher of the Black Rod; Lieutenant-General Cameron, C.B., Commanding the Forces; with Colonel Cardew, A.A.G., Chief of the Staff, and other officers, and all the Colonial Ministry. The proceedings were of a formal character, except the Governor’s speech. Among the company were Lady Loch and two daughters, Mrs. Cameron and the Misses Cameron, Mrs. J. Lange, Mrs. S. J. Lange, Mrs. J. B. Currie and Miss Currie, and many other ladies well known in colonial society.

THE LATE EARL OF ROSSLYN.



The Right Hon. Sir Robert Francis St. Clair Erskine, fourth Earl of Rosslyn, of the county of Midlothian, Baron Loughborough of Loughborough, in the county of Surrey, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, and a Baronet of Nova Scotia, died on Sept. 6, at Dysart House, his Fifeshire residence. His Lordship was born March 2, 1833, the second but eldest surviving son of the third Earl of Rosslyn, by his wife, Frances, a daughter of the late Lieutenant-General William Wemyss of Wemyss. He was educated at Eton and at Merton College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1852, and proceeded M.A. in 1856. He was Honorary Colonel 1st Fifeshire Light Horse Volunteers, a Brigadier-General Royal Company of Archers, a Deputy Lieutenant and a Justice of the Peace for Fifeshire, and until lately a Captain of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. His Lordship acted as her Majesty's High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland for the years 1874, 1878, 1879, and 1880, and as her Majesty's Special Ambassador at the wedding of Alfonso, King of Spain, in 1878. He married, Nov. 8, 1866, Blanche Adeliza, second daughter of the late Mr. Henry Fitz-Roy of Salcey Lawn, Northamptonshire, and widow of Colonel the Hon. Charles Henry Maynard, only son of the third and last Viscount Maynard, and leaves issue. His elder son and successor, James Francis Harry, Lord Loughborough, now fifth Earl of Rosslyn, was born March 16, 1869, and was educated at Eton and at Oxford University. He married, last July, Violet Aline,



THE LATE EARL OF ROSSLYN.

younger daughter of Mr. Robert Charles de Grey Vyner of Gauthy Hall, Lincolnshire, of Fairfield, Yorkshire, and of Coombe Hurst, Surrey.

THE LATE ALEXANDRE CHATRIAN.

"Erckmann-Chatrian" is a name of joint literary authorship which deserves to outlive many individual names of French novelists. From some faults of Parisian novel-writing the Erckmann-Chatrian stories, representing the genuine characteristics of the people of provincial France—a robust, manly, temperate, good-natured race, animated by sturdy patriotism and the love of rational freedom—must be readily exempted. They have also the merit of being calculated, as in the historical tales of "Waterloo" and "Le Conscrit," to discountenance false notions of military glory.

Alexandre Chatrian, the younger of the two clever literary men who combined their ideas and talents in the production of those excellent tales, recently died at his residence near Paris, after a long illness. He was born at Soldatenthal, in Lorraine, in 1826. His family had been glass-blowers, but had fallen into difficulties. On leaving Phalsbourg College he was sent to some glassworks in Belgium, and had good prospects there, but he took to literary pursuits, and returned to his college as assistant master. In 1847 he was introduced to M. Erckmann, four years his senior, a bookseller's son, a native of Phalsbourg, who had been studying law at Paris. They began jointly writing short stories for local newspapers. Chatrian before long entered the service of the Eastern Railway as accountant, and ultimately became head cashier of the bonds department in Paris. "L'Illustre Docteur Mathéus," in 1853, was the first work that made them known outside Alsace-Lorraine. Other stories, mostly of Alsatian life, followed in quick succession. "Waterloo," and their preceding tales of revolutionary and Napoleonic times, "L'Invasion," and "Madame Thérèse," were characterised by a love of peace which led to all their works being excluded by the Empire from the railway bookstalls. The German annexation of Alsace-Lorraine did not sever the partnership; Erckmann remained at Phalsbourg, and in time became, apparently, resigned to German rule; but Chatrian, or his family, became subject to a delusion that Erckmann had "exploited" his partner, and a Paris newspaper made the quarrel unnecessarily public by giving the Chatrian version. Erckmann was consequently obliged to take legal proceedings, and to prove that he had done much the larger half of the work. The Paris tribunal dismissed the case against Chatrian, on the ground that his mind was deranged, but condemned the libel as unjust and



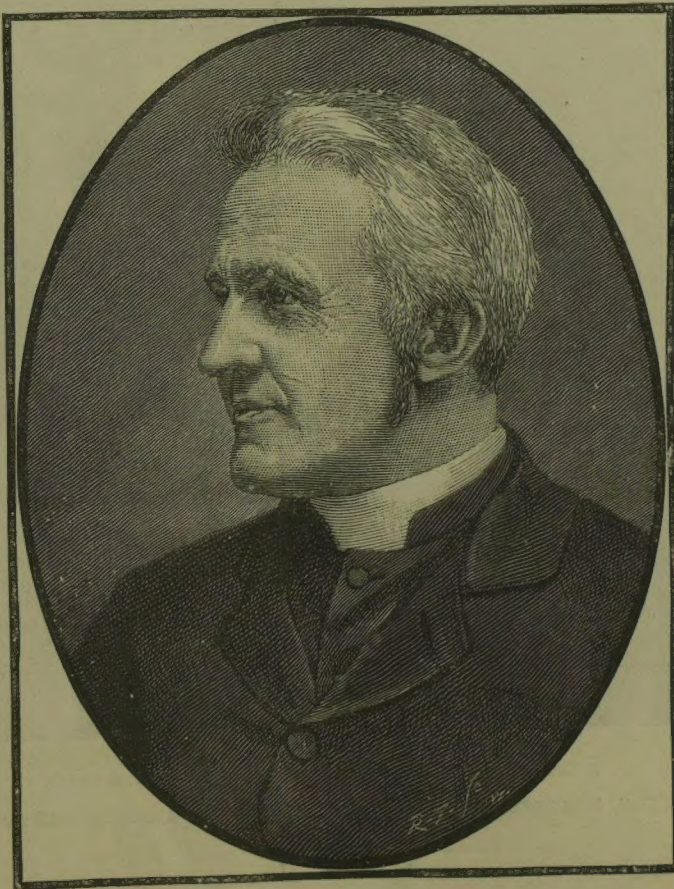
THE LATE M. ALEXANDRE CHATRIAN.

injurious to Erckmann. It seems, however, unquestionable that Chatrian, whose parents had witnessed many incidents of the wars of Napoleon I. and the German invasion of 1814, contributed largely to the anecdotes of military life and of the experiences of French soldiers.

The Portrait of M. Chatrian is from a photograph by A. Gerschel, 17, Boulevard-St.-Martin, Paris.

THE LATE REV. CANON LIDDON.

The Church of England has sustained a great loss by the death, on Tuesday, Sept. 9, at Weston-super-Mare, of the most eloquent and impressive preacher among her clergy. The Rev. Henry Parry Liddon, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, and Professor of Scripture Exegesis, or Interpretation, on Dean Ireland's foundation, at the University of Oxford, held a place foremost among Anglican divines in this age, comparable to that of Cardinal Newman among English Roman Catholics. He was born in 1829, at Taunton, son of Captain Liddon, R.N., of Colyton, Devonshire, a companion of the Arctic navigator Admiral Sir E. Parry, after whom he was named. His father was a Dissenter of the Unitarian persuasion; but the son, educated at King's College School, London, and at Christ Church College, Oxford, early imbibed the doctrines of the High Church, as expounded by Pusey and Keble. At the University he graduated B.A. with a second class in classics in 1850. Next year he won the Johnson Theological Scholarship, and in 1853 took his M.A. degree. Shortly afterwards he became vice-principal of the Theological College at Cuddesdon, a position which he retained until 1859, and was highly esteemed by Bishop Wilberforce. He left Cuddesdon to become examining chaplain to Dr. Hamilton, the Bishop of Salisbury, and in 1864 he accepted a prebendal stall in Salisbury Cathedral. Meantime his gifts as an orator were becoming known, and in 1863 he was appointed Select Preacher at Oxford, and in 1866 was appointed Bampton Lecturer. He delivered a course of eight discourses on "The Divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," and the published volume has gone through twelve editions. We have also from his pen "Sermons Preached before the University of Oxford," which had a large circulation; a volume of "Lent Lectures," delivered at St. James's, Piccadilly, which went through five editions; a "Report of the Proceedings at the Bonn Re-union Conference in 1874, with a Preface"; "A Letter to Sir John Coleridge on the Purchas Judgment"; "A Father in Christ, with a Notice of the Paper by Dr. Hatch"; and "Church Troubles"—besides translations of and prefaces to many devotional books. He was a



THE LATE CANON LIDDON.

contributor to the *Christian Remembrancer*, and, like his friend Dean Church, to the *Guardian*. He had long been engaged on the *Life of Dr. Pusey*, and made considerable progress with the work. While at Oxford he was in constant communication with Dr. Pusey, and was a member of the Hebdomadal Council.

The Portrait is from a photograph supplied by the Church Agency, 51, Threadneedle-street.

THE LATE DR. J. MATTHEWS DUNCAN, F.R.S.

This eminent physician, who died at Baden on Sept. 1, was born at Aberdeen in 1826, was educated at the Grammar School and at Marischal College, and attended classes in Edinburgh and Paris, finally graduating in Aberdeen. While a student at Edinburgh, he obtained the highest honours in the class of midwifery, then conducted by the late Professor Sir James Y. Simpson, and soon he became Sir James's private assistant. He held this post while Sir James was conducting his experimental researches into the properties of various anæsthetics, and is said to have been the first person who was rendered insensible by chloroform. Shortly afterwards he went into practice in Edinburgh, became a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and lectured on midwifery. He was appointed one of the physicians to the Royal Infirmary, and also to the Royal Hospital for Sick Children, but in 1870 was invited by the authorities of St. Bartholomew's Hospital to come to London to act as obstetric physician to the hospital, and as lecturer on midwifery in the medical school. He accepted the call, and at once took a high position in London. The Universities of Edinburgh and of Cambridge conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. The University of Dublin made him an honorary M.D., and the King's and Queen's College of Physicians an honorary Fellow. He was also elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of London, to whom he delivered the Gulstonian lectures in 1883. He held the office of Examiner in Midwifery, in succession, to the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London, and was nominated by the



THE LATE DR. MATTHEWS DUNCAN, M.D., F.R.S.

Crown as a member of the General Medical Council. He was an honorary member of many scientific societies.

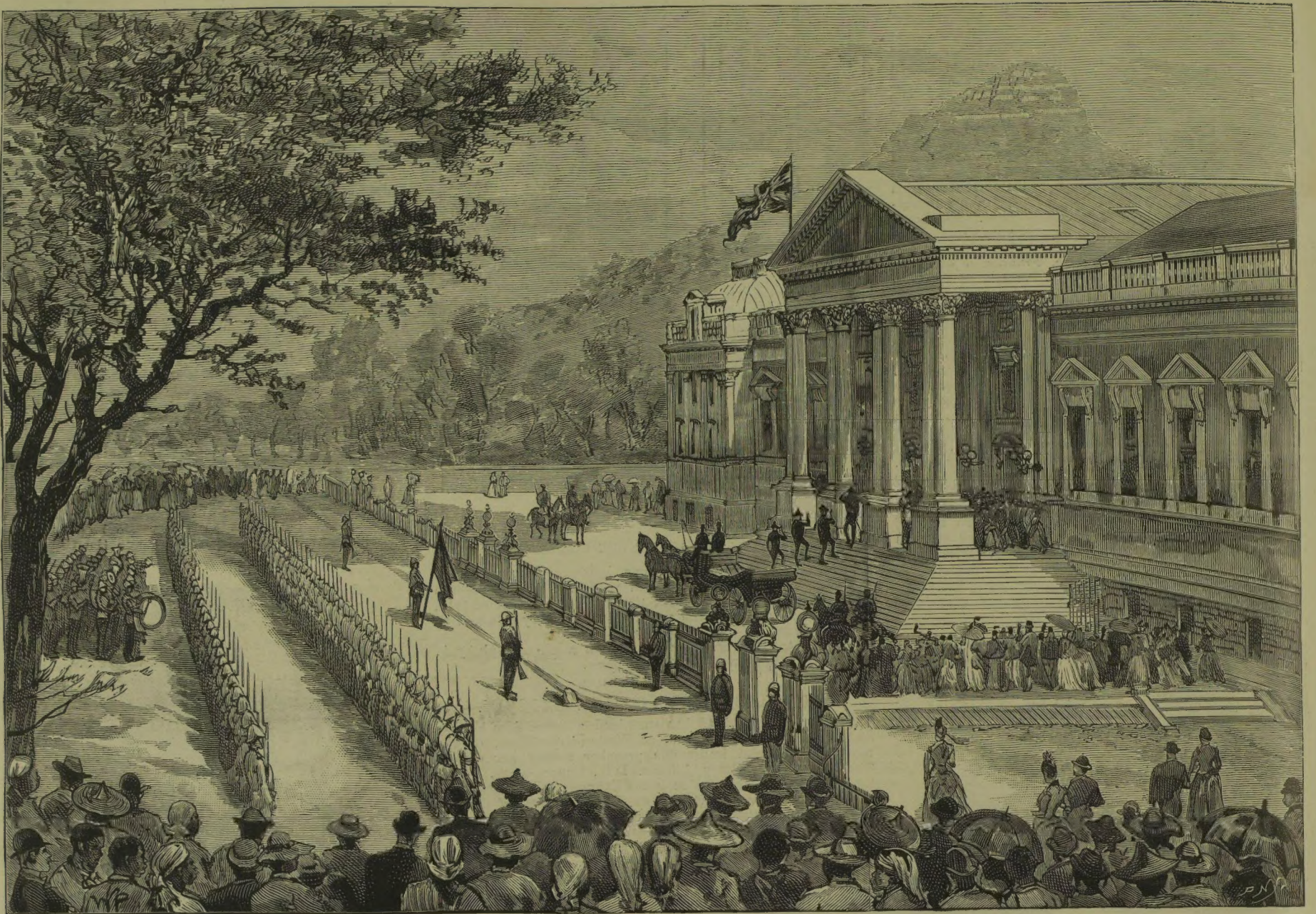
The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. A. Bassano, Old Bond-street.

Our Portrait of the late Earl of Rosslyn is from a photograph by the Walery (Limited Liability) Company, 164, Regent-street, whose elegant serial publication, *Our Celebrities*, in No. 27, for September, contains three fine large plates, on thick cardboard, presenting admirably good portraits of Señor Sarasate, the eminent violinist, Madame Christine Nilsson, and Colonel North, with critical and biographical memoirs, edited by Mr. Percy Notcutt. This periodical will henceforth contain also, for the entertainment of readers, a short review of music and the drama, independently of the subjects of its portraits.

A shooting competition between the Queen's Westminster Rifles and the 1st Warwick Rifles took place on Sept. 9 at the Park Ranges, Tottenham, the interest of the match being increased by the fact that Sergeant Bates, the Queen's Prize winner, was included in the Midland twenty, and Private Fulton, who won the blue ribbon in 1888, was among the Queen's twenty. Some excellent scores were made, the Birmingham team being winners.

The St. Leger Week opened in brilliant, sunny weather on Doncaster Town Moor on Tuesday, Sept. 9, when Mr. J. Charlton's Silver Spur won the Great Yorkshire Handicap by a length and a half from Lord Hartington's Curfew. Next day the great race was decided, in the presence of an enormous attendance, including the Prince of Wales, who was also there on the opening day. The St. Leger was won by the Duke of Portland's brown filly Memoir; the Duke of Westminster's Blue Green being second, and Mr. J. Gretton's Gonsalvo third; neither the Derby winner, Sainfoin, nor Heaume thus being "in it."

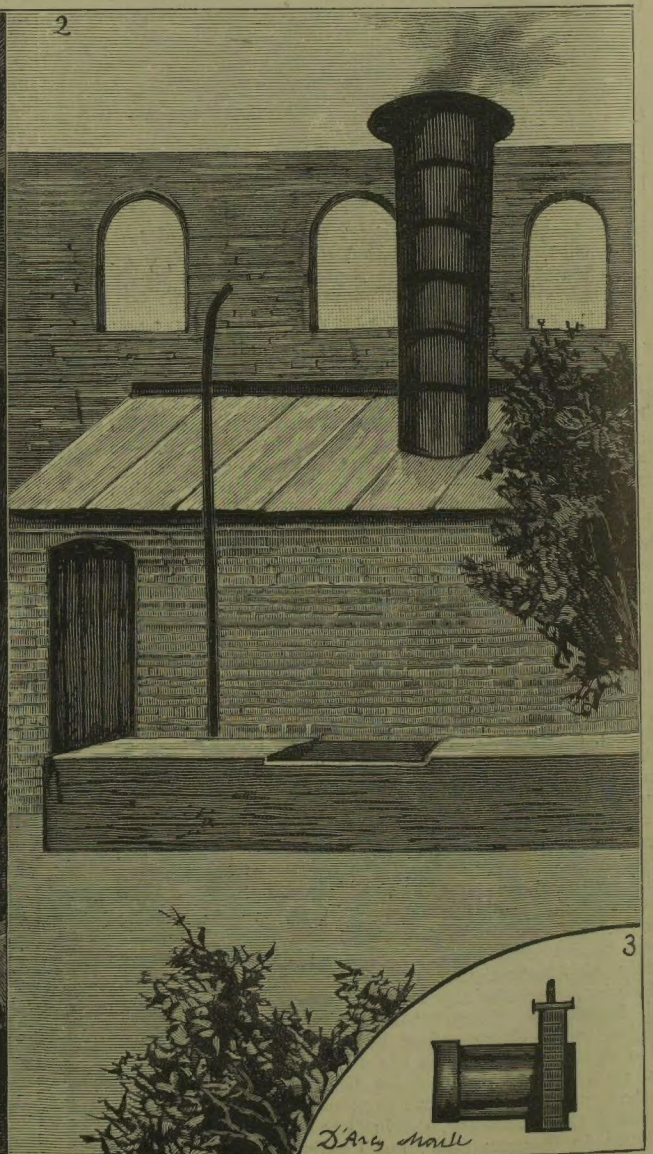
Great excitement has prevailed at Southampton in consequence of the strike of dock labourers. The strikers assembled in large numbers on Sept. 9, and prevented officers and workmen from entering the docks. Trains were also stopped. In consequence of the threatening aspect of affairs the magistrates applied for the assistance of the military, and two companies of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry were sent from Portsmouth. They cleared the entrance to the docks by playing on the crowd with a fire-engine. At a late hour the disturbances became very serious. The Mayor read the Riot Act, and the soldiers charged the mob at the point of the bayonet, dispersing them after violent and prolonged resistance. Permission to fire upon the people was asked for but refused by the Mayor.



THE PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT, CAPE TOWN.



1. New Underground Rifle-range.



2. Engine-house, with Ventilators and Escape-shaft for Rifle-smoke.

3. A Novel Fore-sight.

UNDERGROUND RIFLE RANGE, HEADQUARTERS 4TH BATTALION QUEEN'S ROYAL WEST SURREY REGIMENT.

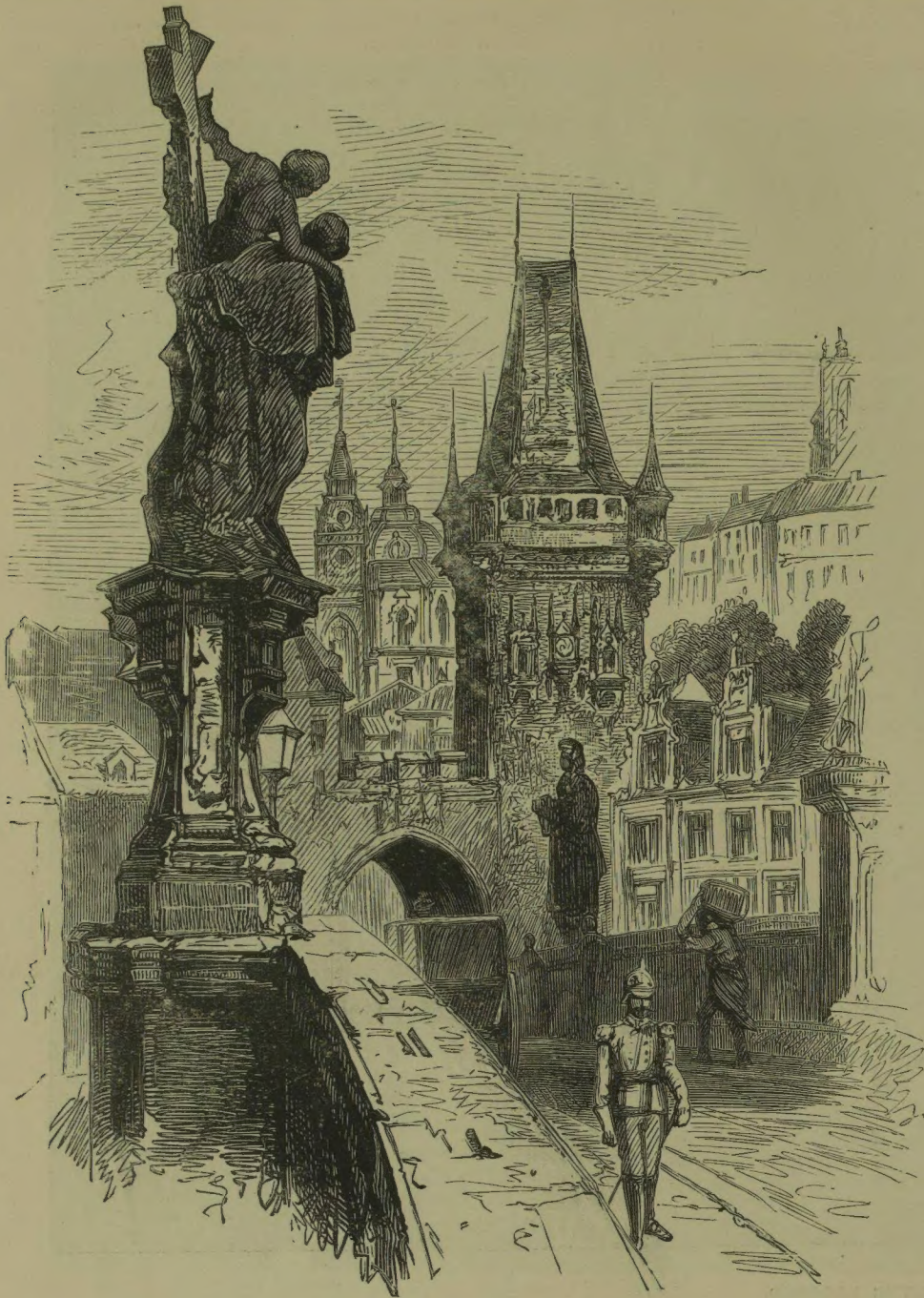


THE LITSANI RIVER FLOODED.



AN UNTAMED OX OBJECTS TO BE INSPANNED.

WITH THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY'S POLICE ON THE MARCH TO MASHONALAND.



FLOODS IN BOHEMIA: KARLSBRÜCKE BRIDGE, PRAGUE, DESTROYED BY THE FLOOD.

THE FLOODS AT PRAGUE.

Immense havoc and distress were caused in Bohemia during the first week in September by the sudden overflowing of the river Moldau and its tributaries. In the city of Prague, it is stated, 40,000 of the inhabitants were forced to leave their homes, and the value of house property, furniture, stores, and merchandise destroyed or greatly damaged was reckoned at an enormous sum, besides the widespread mischief in country districts. On Sunday, the 6th, the flood had abated, and most of the streets of Prague which had been submerged were free from water. Every effort was made to alleviate the sufferings of the distressed population. Six thousand loaves of bread, baked by military bakers, were daily distributed among the poor. The Austrian Government sent 100,000 tins of preserved meat, and the Vienna Humane Society dispatched three kitchen cars capable of cooking meals for 1000 persons in three hours. A relief committee has been formed, which is headed by the Statthalter, Count Thun, Cardinal Schönborn, the Archbishop of Prague, and Prince Lobkowitz.

Visitors to that picturesque and romantic old city of Prague will recollect the famous ancient bridge called the Karlsbrücke which has often been described. It connects the old town with the Kleinseite suburb, or "Little Prague," where the Government offices are situated. Its construction was begun in 1358 by Karl IV., King of Bohemia, and was completed by Ladislaus II. in 1507. It was 1800 ft. long, 35 ft. wide, and had sixteen arches; its parapets were adorned with twenty-nine statues and groups of sculpture, representing the Saints; and there was a gate-tower at each end. This interesting structure has in great part been destroyed by the force of the swollen river, the central arch falling on the night of Sept. 3, and two other arches next day, with several of the monuments upon them. It is not yet known whether the bridge can be repaired.

UNDERGROUND RIFLE-RANGES.

To persons who are not conversant with the manipulation of a rifle, it might seem hard to conceive how practice at a very short range, under cover, and by gaslight, should be useful for military instruction. But, as an auxiliary means of training, the arrangement recently provided at Kennington Park, at the headquarters of the 4th Battalion Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment, under command of Colonel Haddan, is recommended to other Volunteer Corps. It is now four years since Colonel Haddan first brought under notice the subject of underground ranges for rifle practice. He was so convinced that some means must be devised for affording facilities to Volunteers and others to practise with military weapons, that he constructed a trial range, to which Sir Evelyn Wood and other members of the War Office Committee on Ranges were invited, and they reported favourably to the War Office authorities. A special Army Order was issued sanctioning the use of gallery or underground ranges, of not less length than 100 yards; but the expense prevented any corps testing the actual practicability of the idea of shooting underground with full service charges until General Philip Smith, Commanding Officer of the Home District, called together a committee of experts to decide whether a lesser distance would not suffice, at any rate to test the idea practically. Having had the advice of Mr. Rigby, the eminent gun-maker, and fortified by the opinion of the officer commanding the Royal Engineers in London, General Philip Smith obtained the consent of the Secretary of State for War and the

battalion, Colonel Haddan has invented an adjustable false fore-sight, so that a man can be trained to shoot at first-class ranges, adjusting his back-sight to 800 yards (and the new fore-sight also), and thus practice is obtainable not only for third class but for the further training of marksmen, the targets in all cases being miniature representations, reduced in size according to the nominal distance to be fired at, but based exactly on the conditions of army shooting. We give an illustration of the new fore-sight.

Our Sketches also show the new splashless target invented by Dr. Stephenson, of the Woolwich branch of the Volunteer Medical Corps. This was shown to General Philip Smith, who invited Colonel Haddan to meet the inventor at the Horse Guards, with the result that Dr. Stephenson was requested to fit up his device in the underground range.

Great interest has been taken by the War Office authorities in watching this solution of the interesting problem of training men to shoot with service rifles. General Philip Smith opened the range, firing the first shot. Viscount Wolseley and Sir Redvers Buller have paid lengthened visits, while Colonel Slade and Captain Dutton Hunt have represented the Hythe School of Musketry at the various experiments; Sir L. Nicholson and Colonel Athorpe, C.R.E., the Royal Engineers department, and the Duke of Cambridge recently spent a couple of hours in going minutely into the whole subject.

Mrs. Weller-Poley of Brandon has sent a cheque for £4000 towards the building fund of the Church House.

The proposal of the Government that the New Zealand Parliament should nominate delegates to the forthcoming Federation Convention has been defeated in the House of Representatives by a majority of twelve.

The British Chess Association brought its meeting to a conclusion on Monday, Sept. 9, when the prize-winners of both

Duke of Cambridge to have a trial range of twenty-five yards in length constructed, and Colonel Haddan at once offered to construct a range at the headquarters of his battalion. It is shown in our Illustration. Here a man, when out of the drill instructor's hands, can, under the supervision of his own company officers and section commander, be put through all the motions and positions of loading, aiming, and discharging the Government weapon with which he is armed, with the actual record of the target practice he makes before him, so that his errors, due to "bobbing," "pulling off," or what not, can be pointed out to him on the spot, and immediately corrected. All these advantages being obtained, it is a very probable result that when a recruit finds he can shoot he will of his own initiative go to an open-air range, and there learn the finishing touches of windage and elevation, and thus become a practical shot and good marksman. The underground range, with the smoke-exPELLING apparatus of a shaft and revolving fan, driven by a gas-engine, is constructed by Messrs. F. W. Potter and Co., ventilating engineers, Phipps-street, E.C.

Not satisfied with the practice of shooting at fixed objects—which is *de rigueur* as to "class"—we find in this novel range facilities also provided for shooting at the "running man" and disappearing targets, two of the most important features in the "field practices" of the musketry instruction of modern armies, and the firing-point is so arranged that six men can fire volleys at a time—in fact, it is merely a question of money as to the width (and consequently number of men) who can be trained to shoot at one time.

In conjunction with Sergeant Slade, of the same

tournaments were declared. On the whole, the Congress was as successful as any in recent years, and, although some little trouble was at one time threatened, the tact of the committee overcame every difficulty. In view, however, of certain indications beforehand, we think particular care should have been taken by the management to leave no reason for the display of feeling, on whatever side it might be manifested. The chess itself was fairly good in quality, and maintained, if it did not enhance, the reputation of those engaged. An exception, perhaps, is due in the case of Tinsley, whose first appearance in a first-class contest was a brilliant success, and puts him at once into the front rank of English players. Gunsberg in the early games was palpably out of form, and any inference from his position in relation to recent controversies is as unreliable as ungenerous. Captain Mackenzie, on the other hand, commenced brilliantly, but his recent illness left him unable to stand the strain of a prolonged struggle. Lee owes his unsatisfactory position entirely to the mannerism of his play, which aims for a draw rather than victory. By repeating his Breslau triumph of last year, Tarrasch has shown once more what a great master the Nuremberg physician must be; and the merits of the other winners are too well known to need further praise than the record of their score. The following are the prize-winners: First prize, Dr. Tarrasch, 15½ points, £80; second prize, J. H. Blackburne, 12½ points, £60; third and fourth prizes, tie between H. E. Bird and Captain Mackenzie, 12 points (£45 each), £90; fifth and sixth prizes, £25 each, J. Gunsberg and James Mason, 11½ points, £50; seventh prize, S. Alapin, T. H. V. Scheve, and S. Tinsley, 11 points each, divided £10.

THE AMATEUR BICYCLE CHAMPION.

Mr. Frederick J. Osmond, the well-known amateur cyclist, commenced racing in public at the Brixton Club Meeting, in June 1886, at the Crystal Palace, where he made a very brilliant début, winning both open events; and in a few weeks broke the then existing two-mile tandem record with S. E. Williams. In 1887 he won the five-mile National Cyclists' Union Tricycle Championship, and the Brixton Club fifty-guinea cup for the first time, but he also won it again in 1888 and 1889, thereby making it his own property. Later in the same year, in one of the most exciting races, he won the Kildare Cup, valued at fifty guineas, defeating that well-known rider Mr. P. Furnival, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. In the autumn of 1888 Mr. Osmond placed several achievements to his credit, breaking all existing records from two to ten miles, and doing the mile in 2 min. 31 4-5 sec., which record stood for two years, until he again lowered it, recently, to the phenomenal time of 2 min. 28 4-5 sec., which is the world's record for that distance. In the same year he won the twenty-five miles tricycle championship, but could only get second to Synner, of Nottingham, in the one-mile bicycle championship, the same rider defeating him in the great match at the Oval on October 6, 1888. In 1889 Mr. Osmond was again to the front, winning the twenty-five mile bicycle championship at Paddington, defeating Synner and several others. He also won the Surrey Cup at the Oval, and again in the present year, besides winning all the National Cyclists' Union bicycle championships at Paddington Recreation Grounds, at which place he also won the Royal handicap, on July 9, before the Prince and Princess of Wales, starting from scratch. Besides these events, Mr. Osmond has won a large number of minor contests since 1886. It is acknowledged that some of his successes were aided by the great care and attention and good advice given him by Mr. George Lacy Hillier, the amateur champion of 1881.

The Illustration of Mr. Osmond mounted on his bicycle is from a photograph by Mr. G. Churchill, Cornfield-road, Eastbourne.



MR. F. J. OSMOND, THE AMATEUR BICYCLE CHAMPION.

THE SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY'S POLICE MARCH.

We have already given some illustrations, from sketches by Sergeant Daniel, of the march of the Expedition from Mafeking, in Bechuanaland, to the northern extremity of the Protectorate, whence it has to traverse the Matabele country, eastward, on its way to Mashonaland, the region conceded by King Lobengula to the operations of the British South Africa Chartered Company. Another correspondent, Captain Arthur C. Tompkins, of the 4th Royal Fusiliers, who lately commanded a troop of the Company's armed and mounted police, has returned to England, and supplies us with a number of sketches taken by non-commissioned officers and privates of that force, who are mostly young Englishmen of good education. They represent various scenes and incidents extending to the arrival of the expedition at the Macloutsie River, the boundary of British Bechuanaland, which has been described in our former notices; but we now give two of these sketches, a view of the inundation of the Litsani, by which the march was somewhat impeded; and a rather amusing illustration of the difficulty of dealing with an untrained beast, which obstinately refused to take its place in the team of draught oxen for the waggon.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

This year's meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science was opened at Leeds on Sept. 3, Sir Frederick Abel giving the presidential address, a summary of which appeared in our last issue.

With the opening of the sections on the 4th the practical business of the meeting may be said to have begun. Eight presidents of sections delivered their addresses—namely, the two Professors Marshall, Professor Glaisher, Professor Thorpe, Professor A. H. Green, Sir Lambert Playfair, Captain Noble, and Dr. John Evans. Afterwards the reading of papers took place. In the evening the Mayor and Mayoress of Leeds gave a conversation at the new Municipal Buildings in honour of the members.

On the 5th especially interesting discussions arose in the Economic Science and Geographical Sections. In the former, a paper on the effect of shorter hours was read by Professor Munro, of Owens College, in which he maintained that a reduction of the hours of labour which was neither universal nor uniform would tend to reduce the net produce available for division among the producing classes, and that the reduction of hours would not necessarily lessen the number of the unemployed. In the Geographical Section papers were read describing the territories in Equatorial Africa under British influence. Two papers by ladies were read in the Anthropological Section. In the afternoon the Council of the Yorkshire College gave a reception, which was well attended; and in the evening the Mayor entertained the leading members of the Association at dinner in the Townhall. Mr. Poulton's evening discourse on Mimicry was a great success. Many of the enlarged views thrown upon the screen were photographs, beautifully coloured.

Three only of the sections—namely, mathematical, economic, and mechanical science—met on the 6th. The Mathematical Section separated into two divisions, a series of papers on mathematics being read in the first, and addresses relating to general physics being given in the second. Pauperism was discussed in the Economic Section, and canals and irrigation in the Mechanical Section. Twelve excursions were organised to many places of interest in Yorkshire, and of these full advantage was taken by the members, the weather being beautifully fine.

On Sunday, the 7th, there were special sermons in nearly all the places of worship in Leeds. The Bishop of Ripon, preaching at the Leeds parish church, pointed out that there was no real antagonism between religion and scientific research, and that the one was really an aid to the other. Indeed, the keynote struck in all the sermons at the various churches and chapels was that science was of assistance to Christianity.

An appreciable decrease in attendance was noticeable on the 8th at the meetings of the various sections. Interest centred in the joint gathering of the Geographical and Economical Sections, where there was a long discussion on the question of lands in the world still open for European colonisation. At a meeting of the General Council in the afternoon Dr. Huggins was elected president of the next meeting, which is to be held at Cardiff, and it was decided that the gathering of 1892 should take place at Edinburgh.

On the 9th discussions took place on the advisability of extending the provisions of the Factory Acts to domestic workshops, and on the search for coal in Kent and Sussex. Miss Muriel Dowie, a granddaughter of the late Robert Chambers, aroused great enthusiasm by a narrative of her adventures in Ruthenia, South Poland. Several of the sections were not able to get through their papers, and met again on the 10th to dispose of them before the final meetings. The day's proceedings were brought to a conclusion by a soirée in the Municipal Buildings.

In an article on Gretia Green which appeared in our last issue, Thomas Lord Erskine was spoken of as Chancellor of the Exchequer, instead of Lord Chancellor.

The National Chrysanthemum Society held a show at the Royal Aquarium on Sept. 10 and 11, this being one of the series of exhibitions organised by the Royal Aquarium Society.

In our description, last week, of Madame Patti's private theatre at her residence, Craig-y-Nos, Breconshire, the name of the architects' firm was incorrectly stated. It should have been "Messrs. Bucknall and Jennings," of Swansea and London, not "Jennings and Bucknall"; the design and superintendence of the building was done entirely by Mr. Bucknall, the senior member of the firm, who conducts the business at Swansea. The mistake was due to an inadvertence on our own part, without having then received a communication from Mr. Jennings, who has since requested us to insert this correction.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Admiral Sir A. Hoskins entertained the French Admirals and other guests at dinner on board the Victoria, on Sept. 4, in Toulon Harbour. The officers of the Victoria were entertained on board the Formidable by the French officers. Next day the Toulon Roads were crowded to witness the departure of the British Squadron, which weighed anchor at half past nine o'clock. As the Victoria steamed away the band on board played the "Marseillaise," in response to which the bands of the Formidable, Trident, and Vauban struck up "God Save the Queen."—Two duels have taken place. M. Rochefort, having commented on M. Thiébaud's share in bringing about an interview between General Boulanger and Prince Napoleon, M. Thiébaud demanded satisfaction. After considerable difficulty the adversaries met on the 6th, and the latter received three flesh-wounds, which, however, are said not to be dangerous. The other duel, which took place on the 7th, was between M. Labryère, of the *Gil Blas*, and M. Mermeix, the author of "Les Coulisses de Boulangerisme." The former was wounded in the hand.

The naval review at Kiel by the German Emperor on Sept. 3 passed off most successfully, the harbour presenting a brilliant spectacle. The Emperor was received with ringing cheers by the crews, and after the review breakfasted on board the Austrian flag-ship. The Emperor and Empress witnessed the parade of the 9th Army Corps at Flensburg on the 4th, and were received by the inhabitants with much enthusiasm. Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hornby accompanied the Emperor from Kiel, and Prince Henry of Prussia and the Archduke Stephan of Austria were also present. The troops engaged in the manoeuvres engaged in a sham fight near Flensburg on the 5th, in the presence of the Emperor and Empress, Prince Henry, and Count Von Moltke. His Majesty praised the Hanseatic and Thuringian Brigades and the Hanoverian Hussars for their conduct in the field. On the 6th the Emperor inspected the evolutionary squadron, which afterwards put out to sea from Sonderburg to operate against an imaginary hostile fleet. In the evening the Emperor and Empress entertained the officers of the squadron to dinner at Gravenstein. The Emperor has given banquets to the naval and provincial authorities; and on Sunday, the

met with an enthusiastic reception. Later in the evening the Czar and Czarina gave a dinner, at which covers were laid for forty guests. Early on the 9th their Majesties and suite drove to Dubno to witness the military manoeuvres.

The United States Senate have adopted the Reciprocity Amendment to the McKinley Bill by a majority of ten.

The Dominion Finance Department on Sept. 6 closed the books for the fiscal year, ending June 30 last. According to a Reuter's telegram from Ottawa, there is a surplus of four million dollars, or a million and quarter more than was estimated by the Finance Minister in his Budget speech.

The Premier of South Australia has announced in the House of Assembly that it is proposed to construct a railway to the Queensland border, and other lines. Free education is to be established by raising the probate and succession duties.

At the farewell concert given by Sir Charles and Lady Hallé in Sydney, on July 28, a presentation was made to them of an Australian lyre-bird in solid silver, as a mark of esteem on behalf of a number of admirers.

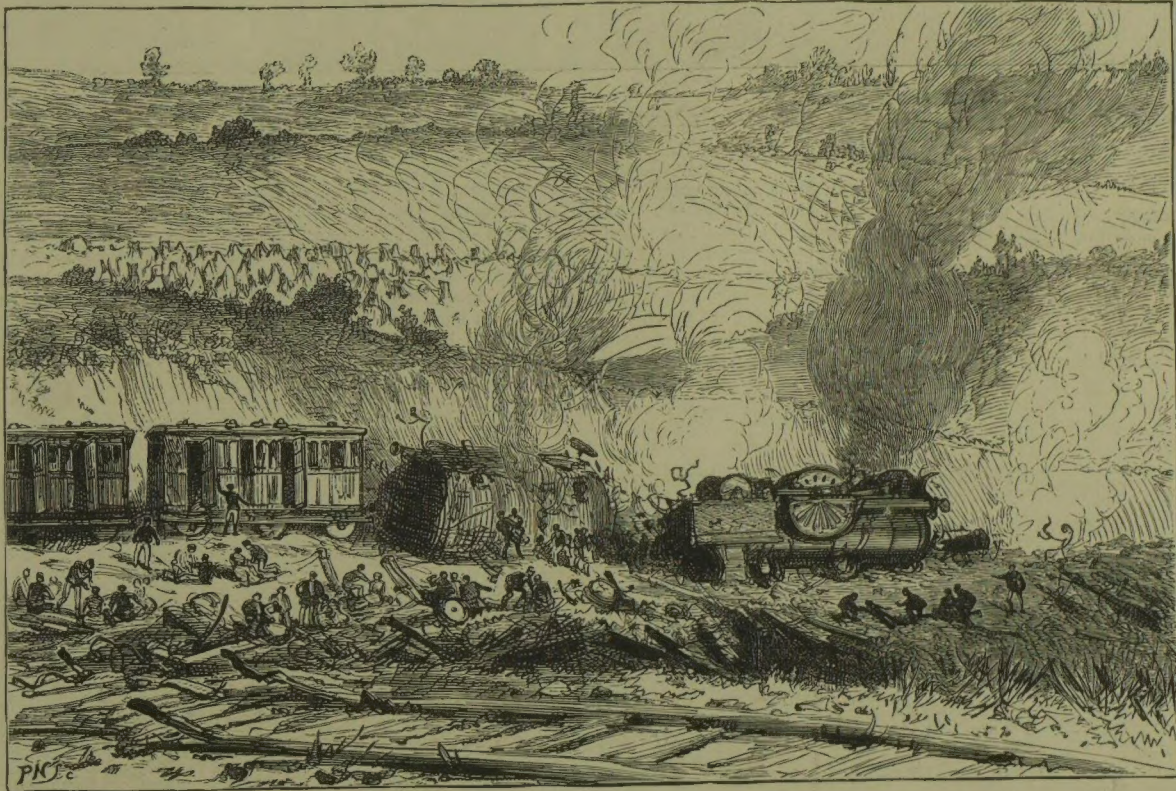
News has been received from Dahomey of a sanguinary battle between the Dahomeyans and the Egbas tribe, in which the latter were heavily defeated. The most inhuman cruelty was practised by the victors. Children were put to the sword and burnt alive, and a thousand women were slaughtered.

PLYMOUTH REGATTA.

Nearly the last match of this year's yachting season was that sailed at the Port of Plymouth Regatta, on Sept. 4, between cutters over forty tons measurement. It resulted in a victory for the Iverna, Mr. Jameson's yacht, but the contest was close at the finish, the Thistle nearly saving her time allowance, so that the Iverna won only by seventy-five seconds. Our Artist's Sketch shows the cutters making their start, the Yarana ahead, with the Iverna close up to her, and the Thistle behind.

RAILWAY DISASTER IN FRANCE.

A serious and alarming railway accident happened on Friday, Sept. 4, on the Chemin de Fer du Nord, the line most frequented by English travellers going to Paris. The express train from Calais, which left that town at midnight, ran off the line, about four o'clock in the morning, between the stations of Ailly-sur-Noye and Faloise. The engine and mail-van were precipitated down an embankment 35 ft. below the permanent way. The accident was caused by an iron bar having fallen on the rails from one of the trucks of a goods train which had preceded the express. One official was killed and two others injured, one seriously, but we have not heard of any passengers in the train being hurt. Our illustration is from a sketch by one of them, Mr. C. Buxenstein.



WRECK OF THE MAIL TRAIN ON THE CHEMIN DE FER DU NORD, FRANCE.

7th, after Divine service, his Majesty inspected the evolutionary squadron. At night the Emperor was entertained at Glucksburg by the provincial dignitaries and landed gentry of Schleswig at the Hotel Schleswig-Holstein, in a great pavilion erected at a cost of £2000. The Empress was present. The manoeuvres ended with a sham fight at Düppel, which resulted in the carrying of the heights by the attacking army, aided by two thousand sailors who had landed from the German fleet. The manoeuvres were continued on the 9th, in the presence of the Emperor and Empress. The invading army was checked, and withdrew to Düppel. The Empress, who left for Potsdam later in the day, was appointed by the Emperor to the colonelcy of the 86th Regiment of Fusiliers, in recognition of the admirable proficiency displayed by the regiment.—Prince Bismarck paid a visit on the 5th to the shooting ground at Homburg. In the evening the local societies, joined by a large number of the inhabitants, organised a torchlight procession in honour of the ex-Chancellor. The Prince subsequently attended a fête given in the Kurgarten. Prince and Princess Bismarck left Homburg next day for Varzin. The way to the station was lined with crowds of people, who greeted the ex-Chancellor enthusiastically.

The Emperor of Austria returned to Vienna on Sept. 6 from the manoeuvres in Silesia, and on the 9th left Vienna for the manoeuvres of the Austro-Hungarian Army in Hungary. The Emperor has sent a contribution for the relief of the sufferers by the floods at Prague, where great distress prevails. The floods in most parts of Bohemia are subsiding, the Danube and other rivers having commenced to fall. The Empress arrived at Oporto on the 8th, and next day continued her journey to Lisbon.—The sections of the Agricultural Congress completed their labours on the 6th, and the final meeting of the full Congress was held afterwards, his Excellency Count Kinsky in the chair.

The seventy-third anniversary of the birthday of the Queen of Denmark was celebrated on Sept. 7. There were great festivities in the capital. At Bernstorff Castle the day was celebrated as a family festival.

The terrible conflagration at Salonica has resulted in the loss of life and an enormous destruction of important records and valuable property. More than 18,000 persons are said to be homeless, and the resources of the Government are severely taxed to afford them relief.

The Czar and Czarina, with other members of the Russian Royal family, have gone to Volhynia, to attend the military manoeuvres which are to be held there this week. The Russian Imperial family arrived at Rowno on the 8th. Their Majesties

A new fortnightly magazine, *Continental Fashion and English Life*, is published by Messrs. Trischler and Co., 18, New Bridge-street, and will doubtless find much favour among ladies, containing as it does numerous well-drawn illustrations, with figures from living models, and accurate descriptions of the latest approved fashions of feminine attire, patterns of artistic needlework and embroidery, with some pages of society news, anecdote, and comment on the doings of the day, personal, literary, musical, artistic, and dramatic, from the editor's point of view. Another new periodical of this class, *Beauty's Queens*, published monthly by Messrs. Macfarlane, 181, Fleet-street, gives for September a large pastel portrait, "Dorothy Dene," and portraits of Mrs. Ormiston-Chant and Mrs. Jenness-Miller.

In memory of the late Mr. Ronald Leveson-Gower, eldest son of Mr. Granville Leveson-Gower, of Titsey, Surrey, a window and two chancel standards have been erected in Titsey Church by his mother and Miss Guthrie, to whom he was engaged to be married at the time of his sudden death, and his brothers and sisters. The deceased young gentleman, who was related to the families of the Duke of Sutherland and Earl Granville, passed away last year at the early age of twenty-six, after a most promising college career.

As a result of the recent conference of delegates from the various vestries and District Boards of the Metropolis on the water supply of the Metropolis, a suggestion has been sent out to these Boards that they should unite in giving notice of and preparing a Bill for the purchase of the water companies' undertakings, and for power to set up a competing supply, and to ask each vestry or District Board to contribute £10 towards the preliminary legal and other expenses. It has also been suggested that all the vestries and District Boards should appoint members of an executive committee to prepare the Bill and do other necessary work.

The Freemasons' Lodge "Quatuor Coronati," No 2076, London, whose operations, maintained by brothers of the Mystic Craft known as literary men, artists, or archaeologists to the general public, are of valuable promise to historical and antiquarian research, had a notable gathering at Freemasons' Hall, on Thursday, Sept. 4, to welcome three distinguished visitors from America—namely, the Grand Master of Philadelphia, United States, Mr. MacCalla, editor of the *Keystone*, who read a paper on "Freemasonry in America"; the Grand Master of Louisiana, Mr. J. P. Horner; and the Grand Master of Canada, Mr. J. Ross Robertson, editor and proprietor of the *Toronto Evening Telegram*. The chair was occupied by Past-Master R. F. Gould, Past Grand Deacon, and forty or fifty Brethren attended. The "Quatuor Coronati" Lodge, of which Mr. Walter Besant is treasurer, since its commencement, and Mr. G. W. Speth, of Margate, Past Master, is secretary and editor of its published "Transactions," has formed a "Corresponding Circle" of nearly a thousand Associates, resident in all parts of the world; and its "Transactions," most carefully edited and printed, often with fine and costly illustrations in photo-lithography and engraving, are issued thrice a year, at a very moderate price, already making six handsome volumes.



PLYMOUTH REGATTA: START OF YACHTS OVER FORTY TONS.

ICEBERGS IN THE STRAITS OF BELLE ISLE.

It is unusual, for vessels making the passage to Quebec by the Straits of Belle Isle, to meet such immense numbers of icebergs as has been the case this season. Even so late as the middle of August this part of the ocean was thickly studded with them. The steam-ship *Sardinian*, of the Allan line, on her last passage West, encountered head-winds and intensely cold weather, until within 100 to 150 miles of the North

American coast, when scattered bergs were met with, but on nearing the land the sea was nearly covered with them. Many hundreds, probably thousands, were in sight at one time; several were computed to be a mile long, and looked as high out of water as Beachy Head. Others were but small; they were of various shapes, indeed many were exactly like snow-covered roofs of immense barns afloat on the tide. Their colours were very charming, the loveliest pale blues, deepening into exquisite purples and intense indigo, and where the

seas broke over their margins the most vivid greens prevailed. When it is remembered that only the eighth part of each berg is above the surface of the water, some idea may be formed of the vast sizes of these icebergs. Fortunately, the weather was perfectly clear, so that the *Sardinian* was able to find her way between them at full speed; and a few hours after passing Belle Isle, no ice was to be seen. Our illustration is from a sketch by Mr. Edward Roper, F.R.G.S., a passenger to Canada.



ICEBERGS IN THE STRAIT OF BELLE ISLE, NEWFOUNDLAND.



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET.

"By Abraham! noble Sir, those greaves become your legs!—Pull them in a little more at the ankles, Isaac!"

"THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHOENICIAN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHENICIAN.

RETOLD BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

CHAPTER X.

I took lodgings that evening with some rough soldiers who kept guard over the town gate, and slept as soundly by their watch-fire as though my country clothes were purple, and a stony bench in an angle of the walls were a princely couch. But when the morning came I determined to better my condition.

With this object in view, one of the smallest of my rings was selected, and, with this conveniently hidden, I went down into the town to search for a jeweller's. A strange town indeed it struck me. Narrow and many were the streets, and paved with stones; timber and plaster jutting out overhead so as to lessen the fair, free sky to a narrow strip, and greatly to compress my country spirit. At every lattice window, so amply provided with glass as I had never known before, they were hanging out linen at that early hour to air; and the 'prentice lads came yawning and stretching to their masters' shutter booths, and every now and then down the quaint streets of that curious city which had sprung—peopled with a new race—from the earth during the long night of my sleep, there rumbled a country tumbrel loaded with rustic things, whereat the women came out to chaffer and buy of the smocked cartman who spoke the glib English so novel to my ear, and laughed and gossiped with them. The early ware I noticed in his cart was still damp and sparkling with the morning dew, so close upon the dawn had he come in, and there in the town where the deep street shadows still lay undisturbed, now and then a Jew, still ashamed, it seemed, to meet any of those sleepy Christian eyes, would steal by to an early bargain, wrapped to his chin in his gabardine—I knew that garment a thousand years ago—and fearfully slinking, in that intolerant time, from house to house and shadow to shadow.

Now and then as I sauntered along in a city of novelties, a couple of revellers in extraordinary various clothes, their toes longer than their sleeves, their velvet caps quaintly peaked, and slashed doublets showing gay vests below, came reeling and singing up the back ways, making the half-waked dogs dozing in the gutters snarl and snap at them, and disturbing the morning meal of the crows rooting in the litter-heaps.

As the sun came up, and the fresh, white light of that fair Plantagenet morning crept down the faces of the eastward walls, the city woke to its daily business. A page came tripping over the cobbles with a message in his belt, the good wives were astir in all the houses, and the 'prentices fell to work manfully on booth and bars as merchant and mendicant, early gallant and basketed maid, began the day in earnest.

All these things I saw from under the broad rim of my rustic hat—my ragged, sorrel-green cloak thrown over my shoulder and across my face, and, so disguised, silent, observant—now recognising something of that yesterday that was so long ago, and anon sad and dubious, I went on until I found what I sought for, and came into a smooth, broad street, where the jewellers had their stalls. I chose one of those who seemed in a fair way of business, and entered.

"Are you the master here?" I asked of a grey-bearded merchant who was searching for the spectacles he had put away overnight.

"My neighbours say so," he answered gruffly.

"Then I would trade with you."

Whereon—having found and adjusted his great horn-glasses—he eyed me superciliously from head to foot; then said, in a tone of derision—

"As you wish, friend countryman. But will you trade in pearl and sapphire, or diamond pins and brooches, perhaps—or is it only for broken victuals of my last night's supper?"

"Keep thy victuals for thy lean and hungry lads! I will trade with you in pearl and sapphire." And thereon, from under my mouldy rags, I brought a lordly ring that danced and sparkled in the clear sunlight stealing through the mullioned windows of his booth, and threw quivering rainbow hues upon the white walls of the little den, dazzling the blinking, delighted old man in front of me. "How much for that?" I asked, throwing it down in front of him.

It was a better gem than he had seen for many a day, and, having turned it over loving and wistful, he whispered to me (for he thought I had surely stolen it) one sixteenth of its value! Thereon I laughed at him, and threw down my cap, and took the ring, and gave him such a lecture on gems and jewels—all out of my old Phrygian merchant knowledge—so praised and belauded the shine and water of each single shining point in that golden circlet, that presently I had sold it to him for near its value!

Then I bought a leather wallet and put the money in, and traded again lower down the street with another ring. And then again at good prices—for competition was close among these goldsmiths, and none liked me to sell the beautiful things I showed them one by one to their rivals—I sold two more.

"Surely! surely! good youth," questioned one merchant to me, "these trinkets were made for some master Abbot's thumb, or some blessed saint."

"And surely again, my friend," I answered, "you have just seen them drawn from a layman's finger."

"Well, well," he said, "I will give you your price," and then, as he turned away to pack them, he muttered to himself, "A stout cudgel seems a good profession nowadays! If it were not through fear yon Flemish rascal over the road might take the gem, I at least would never deal with such an obvious footpad."

By this time I was rich, and my wallet-purse hung low and heavy at my girdle, so away I went to where some tailors lived, and accosted the best of them. Here the cross-legged sewers who sat on the sill among shreds of hundred-coloured stuffs and the bent white-fingered embroiderers stopped their work and gaped to hear the ragged, wayworn loafer, whose broad shadow darkened their doorway, ask for silks and satins, yepres and velvet. One youthful churl, under the master's eyes, unbonneted, and in mock civility asked me whether I would have my surtout of crimson or silver—whether my jupons should be strung with seedling pearls, or just plain sewn with golden thread and lace. He said, that harmless scoffer, he knew a fine pattern a noble lord had lately worn, of minever and silver, which would very neatly suit me—but I, disdainful, not putting my hand to my loaded pouch as another might have done, only let the ragged homespun fall from across my face, and, taking the cap from my raven hair and grim, weather-beaten face, turned upon them.

The laughter died away in that little den as I did so, the embroiderer's needle stuck halfway through its golden fabric, the workers stared upon me open-mouthed. The cutter's shears shut with a snap upon the rustling webs, and then forgot to open, while 'prentice lads stood, all with yardwands in their hand, most strangely spellbound by my presence. The conquest was complete without a word, and no one moved, until presently down shuffled the master tailor from his dusky

corner, and, waving back his foolish boys, bowed low with sudden reverence as he asked with many epithets of respect in how he might serve me.

"Thanks," I said, "my friend. What I need is only this—that you should express upon me some of these tardy but courteous commendations. Translate me from these rags to the livery of gentility. Express in good stuffs upon me some of that 'nobility' your quick perception has now discovered—in brief, suit me at once as a not too fantastic knight of your time is clad; and have no doubt about my paying." Whereon I quickened his willingness by a sight of my broad pieces.

Well, they had just such vests and tunics and hose as I needed, and these, according to the fashion, being laced behind and drawn in at the middle by a loose sword-belt, fitted me without special making. My vest was of the finest doeskin, scalloped round the edge, bound with golden tissue, and worked all up the front with the same in leaves and flowers. My hose were as green as rushes, and my shoes pointed and upturned halfway to my knees. On my shoulders hung a loose cloak of green velvet of the same hue as my hose, lined and puffed with the finest grass-green satin that ever came in merchant bales from over seas. Over my right arm it was held by a gold-and-emerald brooch—a "morse" that worthy clothier termed it—bigger than my palm, and this tunic hung to my small-laced middle. My maunch sleeves were lined by ermine, and hung to my ankles a yard and more in length. On my head, my cap, again, was all of ermine and velvet, bound with strings of seed-pearls. That same kindly hosier got me a pretty playtime dagger of gold and sapphire for my hip, and green-satin gloves, sewn thick upon the back with golden threads. This, he said, was a fair and knightly vestment, such as became a goodly soldier when he did not wear his harness, but with naught about it of the courtly sumptuousness which so hard and warlike-seeming a lord as I no doubt despised.

From hence I went by many a cobbler pavement to where the noisy sound of hammers and anvils filled the narrow streets. And mighty busy I discovered the armour-smiths. There was such a riveting and hammering, such a fitting and filing and brazing going on, that it seemed as though every man in the town were about to don steel and leather. There were long-legged pages in garb of rainbow hue hurrying about with orders to the armourers or carrying home their masters' finished helms or warlike gear; there were squires and men-at-arms idly watching at the forge doors the pulsing hammers weld rivets and chains; and ever and anon a man-at-arms would come pushing through these groups with sheaves of broken arrows to be ground, or an armful of pikes to be rehandled, casting them down upon the cumbered floor; or perhaps it was a squire came along the way leading over the cobbles a stately war-horse to the shoeing.

In truth, it was a sight to please a soldier's eyes, and right pleasant was it to me to hear the proud neighing of the chargers, the laughing and the talk, the busy whirr of grindstone on sword and axes, the clangour of the hammers as the hot white spearheads went to the noisy anvil while forges beat in unison to the singing of the smiths. Ah! and I walked slowly down those streets, wondering and watching with vast pleasure in the busy scene, though every now and then it came over me how solitary I was—I, the one impassive in this turmoil, to whom the very stake they prepared to fight for was unknown!

A little way off were the booths where stores of Milan armour was for sale. To them I went, and was shown piles and stacks of harness such as never man saw before, all of steel and golden inlay, covering every point of a warrior, and so rich and cumbersome that it was only with great hesitation I submitted my free Phrygian limbs to such a steel case-menting. But I was a gentleman now, whereof to witness came my gorgeous apparel, backing the grim authority of my face, and the bargaining was easy enough. Scogula and Mista! but those swart, olive-skinned, hook-nosed Jewish apprentices screwed me up and braced me down into that suit of Milan steel until I could scarcely breathe—their black-eyed master all the time belauding the sit and comfort of it.

"Gads! Sir," quoth he, "many's the hauberik I have seen laced on knightly shoulders, but by the mail from the back of the Gittite, who fell in Shochoh, I never saw a coat of links sit closer or truer than that!" and then again, "There's a gorget for you, Sir! Why, if Ahab had but possessed such a one, as I am a miserable poor merchant and your Valour's very humble servant, even the blessed arrows of Israel would have glanced off harmlessly from his ungody body!" And the cunning, sanctimonious old Jew went fawning and smiling round while his helpers pent me up in my glittering hide until I was steel-and-gold inlay from head to heel.

"By Abraham! noble Sir, those greaves become your legs!—Pull them in a little more at the ankles, Isaac!—And here's a tabard, Sir, of crimson velvet and emblazoned borderings a prince might gladly wear!"

Then they put a helm upon me with a visor and beaver, through which I frowned, as ill at ease as a young goshawk with his first hood, and girded me with a broad belt chosen from many, and a good English broadsword, the dagger "misericordia" at my other hip, and knightly spurs (they gave me that rank without question) upon my heels, so that I was completely armed at last, after the fantastic style of the time, and fit to take my place again in the red ranks of my old profession.

I will not weary you with many details of the process whereby I adapted myself to the times. From that armourer's shop I went—leaving my mail to be a little altered—to a hostelry in the centre square of the town, and there I fed and rested. There, too, I chose a long-legged squire from among those who hung about every street corner, and he turned out a most accomplished knave. I never knew a villain who could lie so sweetly in his master's service as that particoloured, curly-headed henchman. He fetched my armour back the next day, cheating the armourer at one end of the errand and me at the other. He got me a charger—filling the grey-stoned yard with capering palfreys that I might make my choice—and over the price of my selection he cozened the dealers and hoodwinked me. He was the most accomplished youth in his station that ever thrust a vagrom leg into green-and-canary tights, or put a cock's feather into a borrowed cap. He would sit among the wallflowers on the inn-yard wall and pipe French ditties till every lattice window round had its idle sewing-maid. He would swear, out in the market-place, when he lost at dice or skittles, until the bronzed troopers looking on blushed under their tawny hides at his supreme expuratives. There was not such a lad within the town walls for strut, for brag, or bully, yet when he came in to render the service due to me he ministered like a soft white-fingered damsel! He combed my long black hair, anointing and washing it with wondrous scents, whereof he sold me phials at usurious interest; he whispered into my sullen, unnoticed ear a constant stream of limpid, sparkling scandal; he cleaned my armour till it shone like a brook in May time, and stole my golden lace and a dozen of the sterling links from my dagger chain. He knew the wittiest, most delicately licentious songs that ever were writ

by a minstrel, and he could cook such dishes as might have made a dying anchorite sit up and feast.

Strange, incomprehensible! that wayward youth went forth one day on his own affairs, and met in the yard two sturdy loafers who spoke of me, and calling me penniless, unknown, infamous—and French, perhaps—for they doubted I was good English—whereon that gallant youth of mine fell on them and fought them—there right under my window—and beat them both, and flogged their dusty jackets all across the market-place to the tune of their bellowings, and all this for his master's honour! Then, having done so much, he proceeded with his private errand, which was to change, for his own advantage at a mean Fleming's shop, those pure golden spurs of mine, secreted in his bosom, into a pair of common brass ones.

For five days I had lain in that town in magnificent idleness, and had spent nearly all my rings and money, when, one day, as I sat moody and alone by the porch of the inn drinking in the sun, my idle valour rusting for service, and looking over the market square with its weather-worn central fountain, its cobble stones mortared together with green moss and quaint surroundings, there came cantering in and over to my rest-house three goodly knights in complete armour with squires behind them—their pennons fluttering in the wind, tall white feathers streaming from their helms, and their swords and maces rattling at the saddle bows to the merriest of tunes. They pulled up by the open lattice, and, throwing their broad bridles to the ready squires, came clattering up, dusty and thirsty, past where I lay, my inglorious silken legs outstretched upon the window bench, and the sunlight all ashine upon the gorgeous raiment that irked me so.

They were as jolly fellows as one could wish to see, and they tossed up their beavers and called for wine and poured it down their throats with a pleasure pleasant enough to watch. Then—for they could not unlace themselves—in came their lads and fell to upon them and unscrewed and lifted off the great helms, and piece by piece all the glittering armour, and piling it on the benches—the knights the while sighing with relief as each plate and buckle was relaxed—and so they got them at last down to their quilted vests, and then the gallants sat to table and fell to laughing and talking until their dinner came.

From what I gathered, they were on their way to war, and war upon that fair, fertile country yonder over the narrow seas. Jove! how they did revile the Frenchman and drain their beakers to a merry meeting with him, until ever as they chattered the feeling grew within me that here was the chance I was waiting for—I would join them—and, since it was the will of the Incomprehensible, draw my sword once more in the cause of this fair, many-mastered island.

Nor was there long to wait for an excuse. They began talking of King Edward's forces presently, and how that every man who could spin a sword or sit a war-horse was needed for the coming onset, and how more especially leaders were wanting for the host gathering, so they said, away by the coast. Whereon at once I arose and went over, sitting down at their table, and told them that I had some knowledge of war, and though just then I lacked a quarrel I would willingly espouse their cause if they would put me in the way of it.

In my interest and sympathy I had forgot they had not known I was so close, and now the effect which my sudden appearance always had on strangers made them all stare at me as though I were a being of another world—as, indeed, I was—of many other worlds. And yet the comely, stalwart, raven-tressed, silk-swathed fellow who sat there before them at the white-scrubbed board, marking their fearful wonder with regretful indifference, was solid and real, and presently the eldest of them swallowed his surprise and spoke out courteously for all, saying they would be glad enough to help my wishes, and then—warming with good fellowship as the first effect of my entry wore off—he added they were that afternoon bound for the rendezvous (as he termed it) at a near castle; "and if I could wear harness as fitly as I could wear silk, and had a squire and a horse," they would willingly take me along with them. So it was settled, and in a great bumper they drank to me and I to them, and thus informally was I admitted into the ranks of English chivalry.

We ate and drank and laughed for an hour or two, and then settled with our host and got into our armour. This to them was customary enough, nor was it now so difficult a thing to me, for I had donned and doffed my gorgeous steel casings, by way of practice, so often in seclusion that, when it came to the actual test, assisted with the nimble fingers of that varlet of mine, I was in panoply from head to heel, helmeted and spurred, before the best of them. Ah! and I was not so old yet but that I could delight in what, after all, was a noble vestment! And as I looked round upon my knightly comrades draining the last drops of their flagons while their squires braced down their shining plates, and girt their steel hips with noble brands, the while I knew in my heart that if they were strong and stalwart I was stronger and more stalwart—that if they carried proud hearts and faces shining there, under their nodding plumes, of gentle birth and handsome soldierliness—no less did I: knowing all this, I say, and feeling peer to these comely peers, I had a flush of pride and contentment again in my strangely varied lot. Then the grooms brought round our gay-ribboned horses to the cobbles in front, where, mounting, we presently set out, as goodly a four as ever went clanking down a sunny market-place, while the maids waved white handkerchiefs from the overhanging lattices and townsmen and 'prentices uncapped them to our dancing pennons.

We rode some half-score miles through a fertile country towards the west, now cantering over green undulations, and anon picking a way through woodland coppices, where the chequered light played daintily upon our polished furniture, and the spear-points rustling ever and anon against the green boughs overhead.

"What of this good knight to whose keep we are going?" asked one of my companions presently. "He is reputed rich, and, what is convenient in these penurious times, blessed only with daughters."

"Why!" responded the fellow at his elbow, who set no small store by a head of curly chesnut hair and a handsome face below it, "if that is so, in truth I am not at all sure but that I will respectfully bespeak one of those fair maids. I am half convinced I was not born to die on some scoundrel Frenchman's rusty toasting-iron. 'Tis a cursed perilous expedition this of ours, and I never thought so highly of the advantages of a peaceful and Christian life as I have this last day or two. Now, which of these admirable maids dost thou think most accessible, good Delafosse?" he asked, turning to the horseman who acted as our guide by right of previous knowledge here.

"Well," quoth that youth, after a moment's hesitation, "I must frankly tell you, Ralph, that I doubt if there are any two maids within a score of miles of us who have been tried so often by such as you and proved more intractable. The knight, their father, is a rough old fellow, as rich as though he were an abbot, hale and frank with everyone. You may come or go about his halls, and (for they have no mother) lay what siege you like to his girls, nor will he say a word. So far so well, and many a pretty gallant asks no better

opportunity. But, because you begin thus propitious, it does not follow either fair citadel is yours! No! these virgin walls have stood unmoved a hundred assaults, and as much escalading as only a country swarming with poor desperate youths can any way explain."

"St. Denis!" exclaimed the other, "all this but fans the spark of my desire."

"Oh, desire by all means. If wishes would bring down well-lined maidenhoods, those were a mighty scarce commodity. But, soberly, does thy comprehensive valour intend to siege both these heiresses at once, or will one of them suffice?"

"One, gentle Delafosse, and, when my exulting pennon flutters triumphant from that captured turret, I will in gratitude help thee to mount the other. Difference them, beguile this all too tedious way with an account of their peculiar graces. Which maid dost thou think I might the most aptly sue?"

"Well, you may try, of course, but remember I hold out no hope, neither of the elder nor the younger. That one, the first, is as magnificent a shrew as ever laughed an honest lover to scorn. She is as black and comely as any daughter of Zion. 'Tis to her near every Knight yields at first glance; but—gads!—it does them little good! She has a heart like the nether millstone; and, as for pride, she is prouder than Lucifer! I know not what game it may be this swart Circe sees upon the skyline—some say 'tis even for that bold boy the young Prince himself, now gone with his father to France, she waits; and some others say she will look no lower than a Duke backed by the wealth of the grand Soldan himself. But whoever it be, he has not yet come."

"By the bones of St. Thomas à-Becket," the young Knight laughed, "I have a mind that that Knight and I may cross the drawbridge together! Canst tell me, out of good comradeship, any weak place in this damsel's harness?"

"There is none I know of. She is proof at every point. Indeed, I am nigh reluctant to let one like you, whose heart has ripened in the sun of experience so much faster than his head, engage upon such a dangerous venture. They say one gallant was so stung by the calm scorn with which she mocked his offer that he went home and hung himself to a cellar beam; and another, blind in desperate love, leapt from her father's walls, and fell in the courtyard a horrid, shapeless mass! Young De Vipon, as you know, stabbed himself at her feet, and 'tis told the maid's wrath was all because his spurning heart's-blood soiled her wimple a day before it was due to go to wash! How thrives thy inclination?"

"Oh! well enough: 'twould take more than this to spoil my appetite! But, nevertheless, let us hear something of the other sister. This elder is obviously a proud minx, who has set her heart on lordly game, and will not marry because her suitors seem too mean. How is it with the other girl?"

"Why," said Delafosse, "it is even more hopeless with her. She will not marry, for the cold sufficient reason that her suitors be all men!"

"A most abominable offence."

"Ah! so she thinks it. Such a tender, shy, and modest maid there is not in the boast of the county. While the elder will hear you out, arms crossed on pulseless bosom, cold, disdainful eyes fixed with haughty stare to yours, the other will not stop to listen—no, not so much as to the first inkling of your passion! Breathe so little as half a sigh, or tint your speech with a rosy glint of dawning love, and she is away, lighter than thistledown on the upland breeze. I know of but two men—loose, worldly fellows both of them—who cornered her, and they came from her presence looking so crestfallen, so abashed at their hopes, so melancholy to think on their gross manliness as it had appeared against the white celloxy of that maid, that even some previous suitors sorrowed for them. This is, I think, the safer venture, but even the least hopeful."

"Is the maid all fallow like that? Has she no human faults to set against so much sterile virtue?"

"Of her faults I cannot speak, but you must not hold her altogether insipid and shallow. She is less approachable than her sister, and contemns and fears our kind, yet she is straight and tall in person, and, I have heard from a foster-brother of hers, can sit a fiery charger, new from stall, like a groom or horse boy, she is the best shot with a crossbow of any on the castle green, and in the women's hall as merry a romp, as ready for fun or mischief, as any village girl that ever kept a twilight tryst on a Saturday evening."

"Gads! a most pleasant description. I will keep tryst with this one for a certainty, not only Saturdays, but six other days out of the week. The black jade may wait for her princeling for a hundred years as far as I am concerned. How far is it to the castle—I am not impatient myself?"

"Nor need your patience cool! Look!" said Delafosse, and as he spoke we turned a bend in the woodland road, and there, a mile before us, flashing back the level sun from towers and walls that seemed of burnished copper, was the noble pile we sought.

Certes! when we came up to it, it was a fine place indeed, cunningly built with fosses round about, long barbacan walls within them, turreted and towered, and below these again were other walls so shrewdly designed for defence as to move any soldier heart with wonder and delight. But if the walls did pleasure me, the great keep within, towering high into the sky with endless buttresses, and towers, and casements, grim, massive, and stately, rearing its proud circumference, embattled and serrated far beyond the reach of rude assault or desperate onset, filled me with pride and awe. I scarce could take my eyes from those red walls shining so molten in the setting sun, yet round about the country lay very fair to look at. All beyond that noble pile the land dropped away—on two sides by sheer cliffs to the shining river underneath—and on the others in gentle, grassy undulations, dotted with great trees, whereunder lay, encamped by tent and watchfire, the rear of King Edward's army, and then on again into the pleasant distance that lay stretched away in hill and valley towards the yellow west.

All over that wide campaign were scattered the villages of serfs and vassals who grew corn for the lordly owner in peacetime, and followed his banner in battle. And in that knightly stronghold up above there were, I found when I came to know it better, many kinsmen and women who sheltered under my Lord's liberality. Dowagers dwelt in the wings, and young squires of good name—a jolly, noisy, unruly crew—harboured down in the great vaulted chambers by the sally-port. There were kinsmen of the left-hand degree in the warder's lodge by the gates, and poor wearers of the same noble escutcheon up among the jackdaws and breezes of the highest battlements. And so generous was the Knight's bounty, so ample the sweep of his castellated walls and labyrinthine the mazes of the palace keep they encircled, so abundant the income of his titles and tenure, dues and fees, that all these folk found living and harbourage with him; and not only did it not irk that Lord, but only to his steward and hall porter was it known how many guests there were, or when a man came or went, or how many hundred horses stood in the stalls, or how many score of vassals fed in the great kitchen.

On Sundays, after mass, the smooth green in the centre of

the castle would be thronged with men and maids in all their finery; while the quintains spun merrily under the mock onsets of the young knights, and dame and gallant trod the stony battlements, and down among the wide shadow of the cedars on the slope ('twas a Crusader who brought the saplings from Palestine) vassal and yeoman idled and made love or frolicked with their merry little ones. Over all that gallant show my Lord's great blazon snapped and flaunted in the wind upon the highest donjon; and in the halls beneath the lords and ladies sat in the deep-seated windows, and laughed and sang and jested in the mullion-tinted sunshine with all the courtly extravagance of their brilliant day.

Ah! by old Isis! at that time the world, it seemed to me, was less complex, and the rules of life were simpler. Kingcraft had found its mould and fashion in the courageous Edward, and the first duty of a noble was then nobility: the Knights swore by their untarnished chivalry, and the vassals by their loyalty. Yes! and it was priestly then to fear God and hell, and every woman was, or would be, lovely! So ran the simple creed of those who sang or taught, while near everyone believed them.

But you who live in a time when there is no belief but that of Incredulence, when the creative skill and forethought of the great primeval Cause is open to the criticism and cavil of every base human atom it has brought about—you know better—you know how vain their dream was, how foolish their fidelity, how simple their simplicity, how contemptible their courage, and how mean by the side of your love of mediocrity their worship of ideals and heroes! By the bright Theban flames to which my fathers swore! by the grim shadow of Osiris which dogged the track of my old Phœnician bark! I was soon more English than any of them.

But while I thus tell you the thoughts that came of experience, I keep you waiting at the castle-gate. They admitted us by drawbridge and portcullised arch into the centre space, and there we dismounted. Then down the steps, to greet guests of such good degree, came the gallant, grizzled old Lord himself in his quilted under-armor vest. We made obeisance, and in a few words the host very courteously welcomed his guests, leading us in state (after we had given our helmets to the pages at the door) into the great hall of his castle, where we found a throng of ladies and gallants in every variety of dress filling those lofty walls with life and colour.

In truth, it was a noble hall, the walls bedecked with antlers or spoils of woodcraft, with heads and horns and bows and bills, and tapestry; and the ceiling wonderfully wrought with carved beams as far down that ample corridor as one could see. The floor of oak was dark with wear, yet as smooth and reflective to many-coloured petticoats and rainbow-tinted shoes as the Parian marble of some fair Roman villa. And on the other side there were fifty windows deep-set in the wall, with gay stainings on them of parable and escutcheon; while on the benches, fingering ribboned mandolins, whispering gentle murmurs under the tinselled lawn of fair ladies' kerchiefs, or sauntering to and fro across the great chamber's ample length, were all these good and gentle folk, bedecked and tasselled and ribboned in a way that made that changing scene a very fairy show of colour.

Strange, indeed, was it for me to walk among the glittering throng, all prattling that merry medley they called their native English, and to remember all I could remember, to recall Briton, Roman, Norseman, Norman, Saxon, and to know each and all of those varied peoples were gone—gone for ever—gone beyond a hope or chance of finding—and yet, again, to know that each and every one of those nations, whose strong life in turn had given colour to my life, was here—here before me, consummated in this people—oh, 'twas strange, and almost past belief!—And ever as I went among them in fairer silks and ermines than any, yet underneath that rustling show I laughed to know that I was nothing but the old Phœnician merchant, nothing but Electra's petted paramour, the strong, unruly Saxon thane!

And if I thought thus of them, in sooth, they thought no less strangely of me! Ever, as my good host led me here and there from group to group, the laughter died away on cherry lips, and minstrel fingers went all a-wandering down their music strings as one and all broke off in mid pleasure to stare in mute perplexity and wonder at me. From group to group we went, my host at each making me known to many a glittering lord and lady, and to each of those courtly presences I made in return that good Saxon bow, which subsequently I found instable fashion had made exceeding rustic.

Presently in this way we came to a gay knot of men collected round two fair women, the one of them seated in a great velvet chair, holding court as I could guess by word and action over the bright constellations that played about her, the other within the circle, yet not of it, standing a little apart and turned from us as we approached. Alianora, the first of these noble damsels, was the elder daughter of the master of the house, and the second, Isobel, was his younger child. The first of these was a queen of beauty, and from that first moment when I stood in front of her, and came under the cold, proud shine of those black eyes, I loved her! Jove! I felt the hot fire of love leap through my veins on the instant as I bowed me there at her footstool and forgot everything else from the moment, merging all the world against the inaccessible heart of that beautiful girl. Indeed, she was one who well might play the Queen among men. Her hair was black as night, and, after the fashion of the time, worked up to either side of her head into a golden filigree crown, beaded with shining pearls, extraordinary regal. Black were her eyes as any sloe, and her smooth calm face was wonderful and goddess-like in the perfect outline and colour. Never a blush of shame or fear, never a sign of inward feeling, stirred that haughty damsel's mood. By Venus! I wonder why we loved her so. To whisper gentle things into her ear was but like dropping a stone into some deep well—the ripples on the dark, sullen water were not more cold, silent, intangible than her responsive smile. She was too proud even to frown, that disdainful English peeress, but, instead, at slight or negligence she would turn those unwavering eyes of hers upon the luckless wight and look upon him so that there was not a knight, though of twenty fights, there was not a gallant, though never so experienced in gentle tourney with ladies' eyes, who durst meet them. To this maid I knelt—and rose in love against all my better instinct—wildly, recklessly enamoured of her shining Circean queenliness—ah! so enthralled was I by the black Alianora that my host had to pluck me by the sleeve ere he whispered to me, "Another daughter, sir stranger! Divide your homage," and he led me to the younger girl.

Now, if the elder sister had won me at first sight, my feelings were still more wonderful to the other. If the elder had the placid sovereignty of the evening star, Isobel was like the planet of the morning. From head to heel she was in white. Upon her forehead her fair brown hair was strained back under a coverchief and wimple as colourless as the hawthorn flowers. This same fair linen, in the newest fashion of demurity, came down her cheeks and under her chin, framing her face in oval, in pretty mockery of the steel coil of an armed knight. Her dress below was of the whitest, softest stuff, with long hanging sleeves, a wondrous slender middle

drawn in by a silk and silver cæstus belt made like a warrior's sword-wear, and a skirt that descended in pretty folds to her feet and lay atwining about them in comely amplexness. She was as supple as a willow wand, and tall and straight, and her face—when in a moment she turned it on me—was wondrous pleasant to look at—the very opposite of her sister's—all pink and white, and honestly ashine with demure fun and merriment, the which constantly twinkled in her downcast eyes, and kept the pretty corners of her mouth a-twitching with covert, ill-suppressed, unruly smiles. A fair and tender young girl indeed, made for love and gentleness!

Unhappy Isobel!—luckless victim of an accursed fate! Wretched, perverse Phœnician! Ill-omened Alianora! Between us three sprang up two fatal passions. Read on, and you shall see.

(To be continued.)

RAMBLING SKETCHES IN SUSSEX.

The neighbourhood of Midhurst, in West Sussex, a few miles south of the Hampshire boundary, is finely wooded, and presents agreeable rural scenery. Near this little town are the ruins of Cowdray, one of the most stately mansions of the sixteenth century, built in the reign of Henry VIII. by Sir W. Fitzwilliam, Earl of Southampton. It afterwards belonged to Viscount Montague, but in 1793 was destroyed by fire, and has not been restored. The present owner of the park is the Earl of Egmont. The village of Easebourne, about a mile from Midhurst, has an old church of Perpendicular Gothic architecture, originally connected with a small Benedictine nunnery; it contains the grand monument of the first Lord Montague and his two wives, and other interesting tombs. Queen Elizabeth is said to have visited Cowdray and killed deer in the park. Our Artist has made a few sketches in this neighbourhood, including also the picturesque view of Coster's Mill.

BRITISH TRADE WITH SWEDEN.

The total number of vessels that entered the port of Stockholm from abroad last year amounted to 1780, with a tonnage of 658,671, showing an increase in the latter of 47,019 tons. According to a report of the British Consul at that port, it appears that the entire number of vessels arriving from ports in Great Britain amounted to 440, of 310,985 aggregate tonnage, showing an increase of 72 vessels and 55,663 tons. The number of vessels that left Stockholm for ports in the United Kingdom amounted to 327, of 216,060 aggregate tonnage, showing an increase of 46 vessels and 43,960 tons, these figures showing that trade with Great Britain has considerably improved. Of the vessels arriving, 281, of an aggregate tonnage of 216,316, were English, which is also a marked improvement, compared with the previous year, both in vessels and tonnage—namely, 40 vessels and 37,848 tons.

During the first part of the year the depression of trade was very much felt. Low prices ruled throughout, and business was very dull. Towards the latter part, however, trade and commerce, influenced from abroad, brightened up considerably, and in all branches business improved and prospects seemed very favourable. That a revival of trade and commerce has taken place is, perhaps, best proved by the reports of the banks and the increase in the number of discounted bills; and, after the long depression, it is felt that it is not a momentary improvement, but the commencement of a more prosperous period. The protectionists naturally credit their system with the improvement, but such a statement is more than doubtful. In the butter imports there has been a continued falling-off since 1887. The past year's return shows a decrease of more than 50 per cent. compared with the previous year; the reason is to be attributed to the duty imposed, and may also, to a large extent, depend upon the fact that margarine is now manufactured in the country, and sold at a price far cheaper than the imported butter, which is chiefly a cheap butter from Finland. The decrease in the import of cement is entirely due to the duty favouring the home production, which already before competed favourably with the foreign produce. The demand for British coals increased considerably owing to the activity in the industry of the country in general. The export of cereals has been very limited compared to previous years, the chief reason being the heavy import duties and the poor crops. The imports of grain, on the other hand, have been considerable, in spite of the duties, on account of the poor crops, and the heavy prices have been very much felt throughout the country.

EDUCATION IN BURMAH.

In the annual statement on the progress and condition of Burmah, it is stated that a small beginning was made in the work of introducing an educational system into Upper Burmah. The Director of Public Instruction visited each district in Upper Burmah, and inquired into the number and condition of existing schools of all kinds. A knowledge was thus obtained of the field in which work has to be done. At present the action of Government will be confined to the registration, inspection, and aiding of the schools of private managers. Two Deputy Inspectors of schools were appointed, and another Inspector was deputed to classify and register schools that were prepared to come under the new system. The lay school managers were eager to have their schools examined; but in the monastic schools the monks have shown some suspicion of the intentions of Government.

Mr. Robert Goudie, solicitor, Ayr, has been appointed Sheriff Clerk of the County of Ayr, in the room of Mr. Evan Allan Hunter, deceased.

Sir William Robinson's appointment as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Colony of Western Australia and its Dependencies has been gazetted.

Mr. Clement Scott is to be congratulated upon the success of his "Poppy Land," a third edition of 5000 copies having been already issued.

Mr. Robert Colver was installed the 267th Master-Cutler of Sheffield on Sept. 4. In the evening the customary Cutlers' Feast was held, the guests including Mr. Mundella, M.P., Lord Wolseley, Lord Cross, and the Marquis of Londonderry.

The annual summer show of the Royal Dublin Society, which was recently held at Ball's Bridge, is now recognised as an important national institution. Successful and popular as this great horse show has now become, the fact must not be overlooked that it is only a branch of the work which the Royal Dublin Society is now carrying on in Ireland.

A conference of fruit-growers was held on Sept. 5, at the Crystal Palace, a paper being read by Mr. George Gordon on the subject of "Fruit Culture in Ireland." The conclusions at which Mr. Gordon, in conjunction with his colleague Mr. Lewis Castle, had arrived, were that Ireland was very favourable to fruit-growing, but that cultivation had been greatly neglected. Mr. Bullock Hall, who was present, stated that he had taken over to Ireland a number of plants which he had distributed among the school-teachers, as the peasant farmers were not apt to receive ideas on the subject of fruit-culture.





A BREEZE OFF THE LAND.

NOVELS.

Lady Faint-Heart. By H. B. Marriott Watson. Three vols. (Chapman and Hall.)—A female character of decided originality, with mental and moral features partly moulded by an exceptional kind of education, and by premature contact with the social and religious difficulties of modern speculation, is presented in Millicent Hetherdene, the heroine of this novel. She does not seem to deserve the reproach of faint-heartedness: her conduct, from first to last, is that of a noble, modestly brave, and absolutely pure-minded young woman, perfectly ladylike in tastes and manners, free from vanity, but unfortunately misled by erroneous opinions and by a mistaken sentiment of duty. The motherless only child of an eccentric recluse, absorbed in the scientific study of fungi, dwelling in the rural village of Ravenholm, this girl has been allowed, without proper guidance, to exercise a strong intellect and an enthusiastic temperament in reading books of materialist and Agnostic philosophy, and Socialist discussions, countenanced by some of her father's friends. Although, by Mr. Hetherdene's fortune and position, as a man of good family retired from the diplomatic service, his daughter enjoyed the friendly acquaintance of the county gentry, the influences under which she grew up set her in opposition to conventional notions of orthodoxy, and to the political and social ideas of class privilege generally accepted where the land is held by squires. Millicent, exasperated by seeming injustice, and somewhat inflated with a false persuasion that it is her destined mission to assert the need of reform, comes repeatedly into collision with the practices and traditions of a respectable portion of society among which she lives. As her behaviour is always feminine, and could only appear presumptuous in consideration of her youth—Millicent being twenty-three years of age—not in consideration of her sex, we follow the story, to this extent, with a certain degree of sympathetic interest.

Donna Quixote's personal dignity is not permanently injured by the slightly ridiculous situations into which she is plunged after each of her generous escapades. A young lady who boldly, in walking with her friends through a private park, rebukes Sir James Meadows, the big manorial bully, for threatening a poor trespasser with his stick, and forbids him to strike the man, is deserving of our hearty esteem, though, incautiously stepping backward, she gets a ducking in the river. When she, again, overhearing a conference of the gentlemen about to sally forth and attack some poachers, runs out into the plantation, after dark, to warn those offenders in time for them to escape, we may disapprove of her act, for we think poachers ought to be caught and punished; but her being accidentally wounded by a discharge of small shot is no ignominious proof of the risk that she incurred. And when, driving in her pony-chaise with Mr. Holroyd, she picks up the hunted fox, already exhausted by the chase, and conveys that wretched animal to a place of safety, while her companion, with a parcel of beef-steaks in his pocket, awaits the pursuing hounds and gives them meat to destroy their scent, Miss Hetherdene has certainly the best of the joke. These are not the actions of a "Lady Faint-Heart," but of a high-spirited, courageous, rather admirable, imprudent young woman; and Lord Wyvenhoe, a gentleman though an idler, may well fall in love with her on the spot. Again, in her simple essay in authorship, writing at the suggestion of a competent literary adviser that little pamphlet "How to Think," which was apparently quite unobjectionable, there was no culpable forwardness; and the treacherous, stealthy trick practised by Winifred Aylmer, interpolating silly and ludicrous notes in the printer's proof-sheets, merited severe reprobation. Millicent's efforts to set up a reading-room in the village, and her delivery of a lecture on rural botany, were not unduly assuming for a young lady really possessed of superior knowledge. In all this we find nothing worthy of serious blame; and in her conversations with the Vicar, the Rev. Arthur Cassell, who would fain have persuaded her of the truth of Christianity, Millicent's attitude is that of a candid, earnest, reverent-minded sceptic, not a heedless scoffer, while her arguments, possibly fallacious, were the sincere product of such teaching as she had received. Mr. Cassell, an eminently devout and pious clergyman, though not an able logician, cherishes the hope of converting her, and perhaps of winning her affections, until he is unfortunately drowned in her presence, by the boating disaster on Loch Long.

But while the character of this accomplished, exalted, and over-ambitious young lady is completely interesting, and has sufficient consistency with all the conditions of her early training, we notice a marked inferiority of character in the men around her. Her father is a narrow-hearted egotist who has exchanged a wild career of exciting irregularities for pedantic devotion to scientific treatises and microscopes; and who, since the early death of the young woman he once lived with unmarried, has brought up his daughter in ignorance of her illegitimate birth. Harold Aylmer, the young Squire, is a man of sense, a frank, honourable gentleman, but incapable of either feeling or inspiring any very ardent personal affection, much less able to understand the high aspirations of a woman like Millicent Hetherdene. He falls back on a sweet girl, Maisie, who breaks her heart. As for George Holroyd, the second-rate London man of letters and politics, the professional journalist, who comes down frequently to Ravenholm as Mr. Hetherdene's guest and literary assistant, he is what we should call, in town or country, an underbred, impudent, offensive cad, who turns out the basest of rogues. It is difficult to imagine that Millicent, with her noble nature and refined lady-like taste, little as she knew of the world, could be at all imposed upon by this dishonest fellow, with his vulgar affectation of free and easy manners. But Millicent does not truly fall in love with any man; and while this deficiency of the tender passion, on her part, may lessen the romantic element usually prescribed for ordinary novels, it seems to us quite in keeping with her premature addiction to abstruse intellectual pursuits. There is, in the rising generation of highly educated young Englishwomen, in these days of female University graduates and lady authors, lady philanthropists, and lady reformers, a notable type of womanhood, capable no doubt of becoming, if they choose, excellent wives and mothers, but not of "falling in love." After all, we may venture to question the universality of that emotional process, on either side, as a preliminary to every happy marriage; and common observation agrees with the portraiture of the male characters in this story to the extent of finding but a very few men, in any circle, worthy of impassioned adoration. Women must either take none at all, or take the best they can get; and probably there are none good enough for the best of women. The manifest disparity between Aylmer and Millicent in mental endowments is oddly compensated, in the hour of their final engagement, by his magnanimously overlooking the slur upon her parentage, a circumstance lately revealed to her through Holroyd's villany, but which ought not to have caused her personal shame.

Sapphira. By Sarah Tytler. Two vols. (Ward and Downey.)—Brotherly and sisterly affection, flavoured with kindly jesting, fighting courageously against the minor hard-

ships of a fall in the family fortunes, is agreeably exemplified in the group consisting of Agnes Baldwin, a young lady who writes tales for magazines, Patrick, a clever medical man looking about for a practice, and Georgie, the good little house-keeper, who is also the beauty and social ornament of their humble suburban home. But their cheerfulness is persistently overshadowed by the gloomy sadness and sternness of their widowed mother, whose mind has during seventeen years' past been oppressed with a terrible secret, and with the fearful consciousness of guilt. The young people, entirely ignorant of the precise circumstances of their father's death, which happened so long ago at his country house, Brackengill, in North Lancashire, have ascribed Mrs. Baldwin's chronic melancholy to the inconsolable grief of her bereavement, and have never failed to treat their mother with tender and reverent compassion. All the while, she is an unhappy "Sapphira," constantly dreading the ultimate discovery of a certain crime which she once perpetrated for the sake of her children, and recently threatened with its exposure by the intended confession of an accomplice, an old Scotch servant-man called "Tweedside Johnnie," who comes in mysterious visits to tell her that he must reveal the shameful deed before he can die in peace.

This is a painful domestic situation, and the reader will probably be led, by Miss Tytler's method of gradually disclosing the facts, to entertain worse suspicions than are really justified by a full knowledge of the case. Mrs. Baldwin, though she never much loved her husband, whom she had married as an elderly man, supposed to be moderately rich, was a faithful wife to him in his lifetime, and was certainly incapable of committing a murder; but what she actually did was to attempt to defraud an Insurance Company, and to elude a perilous investigation by his partners and creditors, through a deceitful trick and falsehood concerning the manner of his death. Mr. Baldwin's affairs, as managing director of a joint-stock firm, were irretrievably embarrassed by his own fault; he was in a state of mental imbecility, and was already doomed by medical opinion to a speedy decease. One morning, by the accidental negligence of his nurse, Tweedside Johnnie's wife, he was permitted to leave his sick-bed and pass into the garden: he was found drowned in a pond. If it were believed that Mr. Baldwin had resorted to suicide, his widow and children would lose the benefit of a large life-assurance policy, kept up by heavy premiums for many previous years; and his partners, more than ever persuaded that their losses were due to his misconduct, would refuse to grant an allowance for Mrs. Baldwin and her family. She, therefore, assisted by the two old servants, carrying the dead man's body indoors and putting it in his bed, and then sending for the doctor, who trusted their report, obtained a certificate of natural death from his complicated disease. Almost immediately after the funeral the failure of the Insurance Company deprived Mrs. Baldwin of the money that she had hoped to secure; indeed, we do not learn that there was time for it to be claimed. But the firm of which Mr. Baldwin had been the head gave his widow a small income until after her three children had come to full age.

It cannot be denied that this unlucky, as well as unrighteous, proceeding of the poor woman, if ever it became publicly known, would be a family disgrace. But the authoress, Miss Tytler, who has favoured us with many clever and interesting stories, appears to err somewhat in her view of the probable consequences of the discovery, under the circumstances, seventeen years after the event. Mrs. Baldwin's private terrors are not unnatural; and her shrinking from society, unfavourably interpreted by Mrs. Scrope, the only one of her few acquaintances in London who had known Mr. Baldwin and the home in Lancashire, can readily be understood. But Sam Scrope, a shrewd lawyer, feeling great interest in the family on account of his love for Agnes, when his inquiries made him aware of the truth, ought to have known better than to frighten them into a hasty flight with the alarm of a criminal prosecution. As Mrs. Baldwin had never got the money from the bankrupt insurance company, which had so long been defunct, she was in no real danger of legal punishment for the abortive attempted conspiracy, though Tweedside Johnnie's evidence was now recorded against her. Even if the money had been paid, a civil action for its recovery would have required proof that her husband died by suicide; and it would seem quite as likely, in his infirm and imbecile condition, that he accidentally fell into the pond. The most injudicious and improper course for the Baldwins to take was that to which Sam Scrope, in his officious friendship, drove them without an hour's delay; hurrying away to France, hiding themselves under a false name in an obscure town of Normandy, and leaving people in England to imagine anything: even that Mrs. Baldwin had put her sick husband to death. We find all this part of the story wildly inconsistent with the good sense and steadfast courage ascribed to Pat and Agnes and Georgie Baldwin, though consonant with their mother's disordered state of mind. Their French experiences have an air of frivolous triviality which still less accords with the almost tragic theme of the main plot; and the hasty match-making is an unworthy conclusion.

The Baffled Conspirators. By W. E. Norris. One vol. (Spencer Blackett.)—An amusing comedy-plot, neatly worked off with the light-handed adroitness of this agreeable writer, and tinged with gentle satire of conventional insincerities, is presented in Mr. Norris's new story. The "conspirators," who indeed merit their discomfiture, though one of them, Mr. Percy Thorold, also deserves, and finally obtains, the prize of Dorothy Leslie's heart and hand, are four gentlemen, bachelors of extremely different characters, foolishly bound to each other by an unjustifiable compact. They have privately agreed, at the instigation of Lord Guise, the eldest, who affects a prudent cynicism, that no one of this club, or "mutual advice and protection society," is to offer marriage to any woman until he has informed the others, when they are to hold a meeting, and a majority of disapproving votes may forbid him to speak to the lady, or write to her, during the next six months, in order that he may have time for wiser consideration of his choice. This unmanly and pernicious undertaking is to be strictly kept secret; and the conspirators, having just then no personal intentions of marrying anybody within the year, severally think the obligation will do no harm to each man, so far as himself is concerned. They have all recently observed with disapproval the behaviour of a certain lady, the gay young widow of Lord Belvoir, a notorious flirt and coquette, whose charms had for a time captivated Percy Thorold, her cousin, while by Lord Guise they were openly defied and contemned.

Lady Belvoir, who is a very clever woman of the world and a fascinating professional beauty, perceives and resents their hostility, especially that of Lord Guise, but soon gets the best cards into her own hand by encouraging the addresses of two weaker members—namely, Mr. Schneider, a rich but rather snobbish upstart with no good connections, and Mr. Eustace Moreton, a vain fop and dangler after women, possessing no fortune or means of advancement. She would not accept either, though Schneider's wealth might tempt her if he

were a presentable gentleman; but, having a notion that they slighted her, resolves to bring those three men to her feet. With her cousin Percy, since her engagement to him was frankly broken off by willing change of mind on both sides, Lady Belvoir is on friendly terms, and sincerely desires to promote his union with Miss Leslie, a young lady from Westmoreland, who is just now her guest in London. But neither Thorold, nor Schneider, nor Moreton, when the close of the London season in July must suspend customary social intercourse, can be permitted to make an express declaration of love, though each man has compromised himself by significant attentions. At a meeting of the four "conspirators," which is humorously described, Schneider first, and Moreton next, are prohibited by the majority of votes to approach Lady Belvoir with matrimonial proposals; and they take their revenge by condemning Percy Thorold to say nothing to Miss Leslie until January next. They have to sneak out of sight, taking leave of the ladies with the lamest excuses; and one goes to Japan and California, another to Australia and New Zealand, for the rest of the year. In the meantime, Lady Belvoir, having examined the gentlemen separately, has discovered their plot, and, being determined to punish Lord Guise, contrives repeatedly to meet him in the autumn, and to "mash" his not invulnerable heart. When January of the next year puts an end to the foolish restriction, all relations are properly adjusted. Percy Thorold, returned to England, satisfies Miss Leslie and her mother with due explanations; and being a good man and useful M.P., with an independent fortune, is worthy of such a wife. Lady Belvoir, for her part, has no remorse in snubbing her two inferior suitors, Schneider and Moreton; but, instead of chastising Lord Guise with scornful indignation, as she meant to do, she finally accepts his hand. Lord Guise, however, seems well able to take care of himself.

THE BRAEMAR GATHERING.

In magnificent weather, and in presence of a large aristocratic assemblage, the Braemar gathering, the leading fashionable event of the Deeside holiday season, took place on Sept. 4. By command of the Queen, the gathering was held this year, not on the usual site at Mar Castle, but on the same ground as in the Jubilee year, a mile to the east of Balmoral Castle.

The proceedings of the day commenced with the gathering of the clans, the mustering of the Highlanders being the immediate preliminary to the sports. The Forbes Clan marched over the hills from Strath Don, under the command of General Sir John Forbes, and joined their comrades at Balmoral. The Duke of Fife was in command of the Duff men, who marched from Braemar to Mar Lodge in the afternoon, and there gave three cheers for the Duke and Duchess of Fife and the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Balmoral clansmen were headed by Dr. Profeit, the Queen's Commissioner at Balmoral. Having joined company with their brethren of the Farquharson clan, the whole body of Highlanders proceeded to Balmoral Castle to greet the Queen. In front of the East Lodge sat her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Connaught, and Princess Margaret, Prince Arthur, and Princess Patricia, who were all seated, while the Duke of Connaught and Prince Henry of Battenberg stood by. As the Highlanders marched past three hearty cheers were given for her Majesty. The clansmen then proceeded to the field reserved for the sports, and were there entertained at lunch before the games commenced.

Her Majesty arrived at half past three. The clansmen were drawn up, forming a line leading to the Royal dais. In front of the raised platform reserved for the Queen were festoons of Balmoral, Royal Stuart, and Victoria tartans. As the Royal carriage, drawn by four greys, drew up, the Highlanders gave a lusty cheer, bonnets were doffed, and the pipers blew a merry welcome. In the first carriage were the Queen and the Princess of Wales, Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Connaught, and Princess Margaret. The second carriage contained the Duchess of Albany and her children, who drove from Birkhall, the Duchess of Fife, and Princess Victoria of Wales. In the third carriage were the children of Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. The other members of the Royal party, who walked from Balmoral, were the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, the Duke of Fife, and Prince Henry of Battenberg, who were dressed in Royal Stuart tartan. Earl Cadogan (Minister in attendance on the Queen), General Sir Henry Ponsonby, General Sir M. Biddulph, Major Sir Fleetwood Edwards, Sir Robert Collins, and Dr. Reid, the Dowager Lady Churchill, and Hon. Bertha Lambart were in attendance on the Queen, and Miss Knollys and the Hon. Julia Stonor in attendance on the Princess of Wales. Her Majesty showed great interest in the sports, especially in the Highland dancing.

In the course of the afternoon tea was served in the pavilion to her Majesty, and shortly after five o'clock the Highlanders were again formed up in double line, and the Royal party, having re-entered their carriages, drove off amid an outburst of enthusiastic cheering.

In the evening a "Clansmen's ball" was held in the iron ballroom at Balmoral Castle.

The total exports from Melbourne, Adelaide, Sydney, and Queensland to Great Britain for August were: wool, 18,000 bales; tallow, 700 tons; copper, 400 tons; copper ore, 200 tons; wheat, 11,000 quarters; flour, 1600 tons; tin, 700 tons.

From the periodical return issued by the Commercial Department of the Board of Trade, it appears that in August the number of English emigrants in countries out of Europe was 17,301, Scotch 2469, and Irish 5265, showing, as compared with the corresponding month of 1889, a slight increase in the case of English and Scotch emigrants, and a decrease of twenty-seven in the case of those from Ireland. Nearly the whole of the Irish emigrants went to the United States, 11,773 of the English, and 1897 of the Scotch. The emigrants of British origin who proceeded to British North America numbered 2775, to Australia 2354, and to South Africa 900. During the first eight months of the present year the emigration totals were: English, 92,411, against 110,842 in the same period of last year; Scotch, 14,242, against 18,945; and Irish, 43,445, against 51,854, or a total of British origin of 150,098.

The Duke of Newcastle on Sept. 4 laid the foundation-stone of the new St. Cuthbert's College, Worksoop. The college is to be erected on a charming site, over ninety acres in extent, midway between Worksoop and Clumber, in the northern part of the county of Nottingham. The project really forms a portion of the scheme set on foot nearly forty years ago by Canon Woodward for the education of the middle classes on Church of England lines, and is in connection with the well-known institution of St. Nicholas, Lancing. St. Cuthbert's will be governed by the Provost and Fellows of Denstone, and will be self-supporting. The building, when complete, is estimated to cost between £30,000 and £40,000. It will accommodate 500 boys. At present it is intended to proceed only with the west wing and permanent offices. This will cost £15,000, of which £8000 has been subscribed, and will accommodate 100 boys.

A PEACEFUL GLOAMING BY THE SEA.

A league-long shining bay lies in the mellow light of the setting sun; curved, like crescent moon, with rocky horn at either end, and facing the rosy west. Behind is a range of hills somewhat low but steep, and scalloped by dells clad in hazels and ferns. The rounded bosses of these hills are covered with close, fine grass of the richest green, the steady, conserved growth of long generations, interwoven and velvety, like warm fur. In the centre of the picturesque amphitheatre of green slopes and warm red sandstone buttresses is a wider and wealthier hollow, teeming with luxuriant vegetation, and bordered by a quaint little village—a small brotherhood of shining cottages deeply set in the verdure of the hillside, like a cluster of snow-white shells in a green dell of the sea.

We are seated on the soft green turf high on one of the horns of the bay, as if looking down upon the stage from one of the boxes of a theatre. Ere long the bell will be rung for the curtain's final fall on the day's drama; but the parts are not yet all played out; and sometimes the closing scenes of a play, by the sweet justice of compensation, gain in suggestive tenderness what they lose in dramatic force.

The sun has just set, and, deep down yonder, on the rim of the ocean, are crimson clouds trailing across the highway to which he has given such burnished glory. Higher up, there lie along the west amber cloud-bars, motionless and gleaming like ruddy ore, while, nearer the zenith, the filmy and dappled strata in the sky are full of subtle gradations—orange, violet, and pale grey faintly palpitating with gold—now nebulous and feeble; now pure and deep. And all this is reflected in the still sea before us, as in a mirror. Gazing on the calm waters coloured by those glowing tints, we can now fully understand the fitness of the term "purple," so frequently applied to the ocean in calmness, and under certain conditions of light, by Homer and other Greek poets. Not only the sea, but the land also, is strangely transfigured in the glow of this twilight. The long stretches of cliff yonder which, in the fierce glare of the noonday sun, stood out like bastions which seemed the very source of strength and power, are now rounded into undinted tenderness in the softening shadows of this gloaming hour. The mantling, furry grass, too, with which they are crowned has lost its emerald colour, and assumes a subdued preternatural azure tint; while the softened sea in its violet light comes up to the deep shadows of the overhanging rocks, lustrous, pure, and serene. Here, surely, is the home of—

The gleam, the shadow, and the peace supreme;

and, if one has accomplished his life's work to some good and noble issues both for himself and his fellows, who can chide him if, with the companions of Ulysses, when they arrived at the Enchanted Isles, weary and worn, he should cry out—

O! rest ye, brother mariners, we shall not wander more!

This reference to Ulysses reminds us that every student of Homer must have been struck with the frequent allusions to the ocean both in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Again and again the great poet takes us suddenly from the camp by some oblique but fascinating allusion, which places us, as it were, on the top of a wave of his grand rolling hexameter verse, and we feel possessed of a beatific joy, as—

Strongly it bears us along, in swelling and limitless billows,

Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.

These allusions to the sea, given by swift side-vision, are sometimes specially pleasing, as when Homer snatches us away from the clank of sword and spear and shield in the camp, and from the dusty tents of the Greeks, and places us down by the sunlit and breeze-blown breakers where Thetis and her nymphs sport in mirthful grace; and these scenes are rendered all the more delightful by their coming upon us with a startling unexpectedness—as someone has said, like the sudden pathos of Thackeray.

What an exquisite halo, indescribable in its subtle essence, these sweet summer gloamings throw upon all Nature! The highest genius in art has never been able to reproduce it but in the feeblest form of interpretation: as well attempt to paint the complexional tints of a human soul. It is the nearest approach we have to that wondrous, awe-inspiring Alpine after-glow, which, in Nature's physical sense, really is—

The light that never was on sea or land.

Gazing on these soft violet tints, and having looked in wonder at the purple glow of sunset, a ruddy commingling of fire and blood, thrown half an hour ago across the slumbering sea, one can appreciate more fully than ever the mighty genius of Turner as displayed in the weird, lurid colouring of his "Slave Ship," possibly the grandest sea-picture with which the world has yet been dowered.

We are at present restfully sojourning in a sweet old-world cottage on the hillside, a cottage roofed with the accumulated thatch of nearly half a century, tenderly knit together with green moss and golden stonecrop, and surrounded by a garden which would have delighted the heart of Jane Austen or Hannah More, a delicious spot of fragrance, charm of colours, and murmuring of bees, where the gentle Cowper might have spent some of his lucid hours, in meditation, with the sweet-souled Mary Unwin, devoted and watchful, by his side. The gardens of many of the tiny cottages we pass are filled with flowers which scent the evening air with grateful odour, and shine through the deepening twilight like Oriental splendours.

The women we see in passing through the quaint, old village are handsome, though homely clad, and the children are rosy as the morn. Most of the men are far away just now in their boats on the fishing-ground, but those who are here are honest-looking fellows, true and worthy descendants of the sailors who manned the ships of Howard, Frobisher, and Drake, and fought the Armada—men whose grandsires, mayhap, shared in the priceless immortality of Trafalgar.

Yonder is the old church on the hill; and, listen! there is the sound of the evening bells! Of all the melodious sounds of earth and air there are few sweeter or more rest-bestowing to English ears. We have had the fortune to hear the deep, booming bells of Notre Dame, Antwerp, and Cologne; we have heard the vespers at Andernach and Bingen, and the Angelus at Interlaken and Lucerne, but never have we heard a twilight sound so sweet as that of the evening chimes from an English church-tower on some green hill by the sea. We never pass, either in sunshine or in the twilight, this dear old sacred edifice without calling to mind the chancel of Clevedon Church, in Somersetshire, where rest the mortal remains of Arthur Henry Hallam, that sweet and gifted soul to whom "In Memoriam" is sacred, a charming little church in a sequestered spot on a lone hill overlooking the Bristol Channel, a spot which our great poet has enshrined in "Break, break, break," alike the prelude to and burden of one of the noblest elegies which ever sang of human sorrow—the hallowed churchyard in that lovely region—

Where twice a day the Severn fills,
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

Now the darkness falls, kindly, tender, and solemn; but soon the new morn shall come, revealing again in fair, sweet outline the deep, pure, unsearchable sea.

A. L.

REGENT'S PARK AND PRIMROSE HILL.

Though not quite so extensive as Hyde Park, and not possessing the social attractions of a fashionable carriage-drive and equestrian promenade, Regent's Park is unsurpassed in beauty, owing much to artistic landscape-gardening, and to the skilfully designed plan of its artificial waters, the grouping of its shrubberies, and the raised banks and mounds that vary its surface, the more open part of which presents agreeable natural undulations. Its liveliness, and the frequent resort



PARK KEEPER, REGENT'S PARK.

of leisurely visitors to its neighbourhood, are maintained by different causes; by much cricket-playing and some boating in summer, and skating in winter; but especially by two of the most attractive London institutions—namely, the popular gardens of the Zoological Society, occupying a large space of ground adjacent to the north-east section of the park; and those of the Royal Botanic Society, with their choice exhibitions of flowers and splendid evening floral fêtes, in the central enclosure, surrounded by the retired road called the Inner Circle. Several private villas, with their own gardens, situated within the park, are so effectually sequestered that they do not hinder public enjoyment; while the general stateliness of the "terraces," or rows of mansions, overlooking the park on its south, west, and east sides, excludes incongruous features in the view. To the north, beyond the Zoological Gardens, which are always interesting, and the ornamental banks of the Regent's Canal, planted with shady trees, rises the fair green eminence of Primrose Hill, a delightful adjunct to the park, commanding fine views from its breezy summit, and furnished with special means of popular recreation. On the whole, there is no place in London which combines more finished works of elegant urban amenity with greater liberty for the quiet enjoyment of fresh air, grassy verdure—Regent's Park is never dusty or dried up—avenues and clusters of trees, not indeed like those of ancient growth in Kensington Gardens, but tastefully planted, than this easily accessible public demesne. Its benefit to the inhabitants of North-West London, to the immense population of Marylebone and St. Pancras, comprising above one million, to Camden Town and Kentish Town, on one side, St. John's Wood and Portland Town on the other, cannot be sufficiently valued.

Marylebone Park was a favourite Royal hunting-ground of Elizabeth and King James I., but was disafforested and deprived of its deer by the Commonwealth Government. The manor and the land had already been pledged by Charles I. to creditors of the Crown, and were then sold by order of Parliament, upon which the old trees were cut down. At the Restoration of Charles II. the land was divided between three Royalist gentlemen, one of whom was Sir William Clarke,



MRS. SHANLEY, OF THE PRINCE'S REFRESHMENT PAVILION, REGENT'S PARK.

secretary to General Monk, Duke of Albemarle. It was afterwards held on lease by different noblemen, but came into the hands of the Duke of Portland, whose term of limited proprietorship ended in 1811. Having then reverted to the estates of the Crown, no time was lost in beginning its improvement, which was made part of the grand design adopted by the Prince Regent from the devices of Nash, the architect, in connection with the building of Regent-street. It was intended that the Prince Regent should have a palace in the Inner Circle, on the site of the Botanic Society's Gardens. From 1812 to 1825 the earthworks, digging and excavating for the lake, the embanking, road-making, planting, and building, went on continually; and in the ranges of good private

houses, bearing names in compliment to the Royal Dukes of that period, Sussex-place, with gourd-like cupolas of the Brighton Pavilion style, Hanover-terrace, also built by Nash, Clarence-place, Cumberland-terrace, York and Albany, and other names, the close of the Georgian era is fully commemorated. Kent, Cornwall, Ulster, and Chester were likewise titles of the Royal family. It was not intended that Regent's Park should be freely open to all people, but only to those privileged with tickets of admission issued by the Royal Household. Several persons in favour at Court, such as Mrs. Fitzherbert and Sir Herbert Taylor, the King's private secretary, were allowed villa residences here, and their houses remain. The park was finally thrown open in 1838, and has been, during the past half-century, or nearly from the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign, one of the most popular resorts.

Primrose Hill, anciently belonging to the manor of Chalcut—a name corrupted to Chalk Farm—is of some historical note. Its natural conical shape, resembling Parliament Hill and other eminences about Hampstead, Highgate, and Hornsey, must always have been conspicuous; and it was possibly, like one of these, chosen for the site of a "barrow" or sepulchre for slain Celtic warriors after a battle, in the remote ages of Britain. Famous duels at Chalk Farm, also the famous murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey in 1678, long gave a sinister notoriety to Primrose Hill, which belonged to the Provost and Fellows of Eton College, by gift from Henry VI. They surrendered this piece to the Crown, in exchange for other property, by an Act of Parliament, in the fifth or sixth year of Victoria; and it has, within the last twenty or thirty years, been laid out as a public park, by the Royal Commissioners of Woods and Forests.

Regent's Park owes its perennial verdure to the moist clay soil, but it is so open and airy that one never feels it damp. All the water drains into the lake, which lies in the course of the buried stream called Tyburn, rising in Shepherd's Fields, now Fitzjohn's Avenue, on the south-west slope of Hampstead. The Regent's Park lake, with its islands and three widely diverging bays or inlets, which should be explored in a boat or canoe, is beyond comparison the most beautiful in London, much more interesting than the Serpentine, or the water in St. James's Park. Its depth was reduced, and the bottom was made hard and level, in consequence of the terrible skating disaster in the winter of 1866-7, when forty persons were drowned in a minute. The fine road from south to north, partly an avenue of chestnut-trees, partly bordered with pretty flower-gardens, and in the "Broad Walk" shaded by elm-trees, is a delightful promenade. The Outer Circle roads afford a pleasant carriage drive of two miles, and there is the Inner Circle, quiet and retired; but walking, in every direction, leads to the most agreeable views. There are convenient footpaths, pretty bridges, graceful plantations, and mounds skilfully devised to give added charms to the landscape. If the visitor wants to see more life, there is the cricket-ground, only too crowded with members of various clubs, and the air is filled with flying balls on a summer evening, and resonant with shouts of "Thank you!" to anybody who picks them up. The band-stand, on a Sunday, gathers large audiences near the park entrance to the Zoological Gardens. The Prince's Pavilion, where Mrs. Shanley dispenses cakes and ginger-beer and other refreshments, invites a throng of thirsty customers or hungry youngsters in the afternoon hours. There is a similar establishment on Primrose Hill, where the climbing-poles and ropes of the Gymnasium challenge the more active boys to ambitious feats of strength and athletic performance. Children, women, and old men find many quiet spots, with benches or chairs to sit upon, in the ample space of Regent's Park. The omnibus in Albany-street carries them speedily towards home, if their way lies by the Strand.

MUSIC.

THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

After the full details that have been already given of the arrangements for this year's "three-choir" festival at Worcester, there remains little to be said until our record of the close of the proceedings on Sept. 12; that and the production of the novelty (Professor Bridge's dramatic oratorio "The Repentance of Nineveh") taking place too late for present comment. The opening service in the cathedral was followed, on the next day, by rehearsals, and the announced subsequent festival performances comprised Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," Mr. Lee Williams's church cantata "The Last Night at Bethany," and part of Haydn's "Creation"; Mozart's "Requiem," Beethoven's symphony in C minor, Spohr's cantata "God, Thou art Great," Bach's Pastoral symphony and his cantata "A Stronghold Sure," Weber's "Harvest Cantata," Dr. Parry's "St. Cecilia's Day," and a miscellaneous selection; the last day but one having been appropriated to Professor Bridge's new dramatic oratorio, "The Repentance of Nineveh," followed by Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," for the evening of that day Mendelssohn's "Elijah" having been selected—this oratorio having usually been given at our provincial festivals ever since its production at that of Birmingham in 1846. Another work which has generally been included in our festivals is Handel's immortal "Messiah," which formed the climax to the Worcester celebration on Sept. 12, being followed, in the evening, by a closing service in the cathedral. The works by Mr. Lee Williams and Dr. Parry have before been commented on—that of the first-named gentleman having been produced at the Gloucester Festival of last year, and the work of the last-named composer at Leeds, in the same year. Professor Bridge's work was composed specially for this year's Worcester Festival, and, with other proceedings thereat, must be spoken of hereafter.

A recent classical night at Mr. Freeman Thomas's Promenade Concerts, at Covent-Garden Theatre, included in its programme Sterndale Bennett's imaginative overture "The Wood-Nymph," Schubert's exquisite (unfinished) symphony in B minor, Haydn's bright and genial symphony in G (No. 13), and Mendelssohn's first pianoforte concerto, besides other features. The pianist was Miss A. Grimson, of the Royal Academy of music. The young lady displayed much executive skill; and her performance would have been more praiseworthy had she trusted less to her powers of memory. In the second part of the concert, Miss Grimson did herself more justice by her very effective performance of a waltz by Chopin. Vocal solos were successfully rendered by Miss A. Sherwin and Mr. B. Foote. Fresh proof of the importance given to the Saturday evening performances was evident on Sept. 6, when the programme included several works of classical importance.

The thirty-fifth annual series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace will begin on Oct. 11. There will be ten concerts before, and the same number after, Christmas; the last concert—on April 18—being supplemented, as usual, by that for the benefit of Mr. Manns, the conductor. The arrangements for the series include many varied and interesting features in the selection of works, and the engagement of some of the most eminent solo vocalists and instrumentalists.



THE LAKE.



THE PRINCE'S PAVILION.



THE BROAD WALK.



THE BAND-STAND.



ON THE CRICKET-GROUND.



GYMNASIUM, PRIMROSE HILL.

THE LUNGS OF LONDON: REGENT'S PARK.

"ROYAL AND ANCIENT."

"Fore!"

Clear along the links comes the warning cry, and the white ball, following like a rifle-bullet, comes whistling through the air. Unless one would be kept skipping under constant shouts, run the risk of being caught by a stinging missile, and rouse the just wrath of successive players, it is not advisable to linger on the golf-course when play is going on.

Far along the rolling greensward, like the skirmishers of an attacking army, come the players in ones and twos, each with an attendant caddie carrying his sheaf of weapons. Their loose red jackets, spots of flame sometimes against the turquoise sea behind, betoken the members of the most famous club, chartered exponents of "the royal and ancient game." Once and again a little group stops, there is a pause, the quick flash of an action in the sun, a tiny white disc goes soaring away along the links like a bird, and the little knot of players and caddies walks steadily on again. Here and there, on a bit of sward more emerald than the rest, there is a longer pause, the onlookers gather round, and some mystic rite of the nature of croquet is gone through. Occasionally a gentleman may be observed up to his waist in a sand-hole (technically "a bunker"), engaged apparently in the development of muscular vigour by a course of amateur stone-breaking. Singularly uninteresting the entire proceeding appears to one unversed in the game. It seems strange that all sorts and conditions of men—men illustrious at the bar, in the pulpit, at the university, legislators, men of science, men of letters—should find engrossing amusement in simply driving a small globe along the links and quietly walking after it. Singularly simple, too, to the onlooker appears the process of sending the small hard ball a hundred and seventy yards or so through the air with the stroke of a lithe-handled club. So simple indeed does this seem that presently, out of sheer idleness, he will very likely take one of his friend's implements, and make a drive himself.

From that moment his doom is sealed. He is caught in the silken net and shut in the golden cage of fascination. No leech's nostrum will effect his cure. First of all, he will be surprised to find that the ball does not go anything like so far as he expected and intended. To make this right, at the next stroke he puts forth all his strength, and either tops the ball, cutting it almost in two and sending it forward about a dozen yards, or misses it altogether, or, worst of all, crashes into the turf a foot in the rear, "practising agriculture," as the bystanders will probably remark, and perhaps knocking the head off the club. He takes the game in earnest now, throws away his cigar, and buckles seriously to work. Next morning he will be out with a brand-new set of clubs—driver, cleek, iron, niblick, and putter—and his frantic efforts to get along the links in the company of grinning caddies, and some "duffer" equally green and as badly bitten as himself, will for the next few days be something to see. What thrashing of bunkers, what driving of turf into the air there will be! what explanations of how the last stroke was missed, and why the ball did not go within a hundred yards of the place intended! Finally, he will grow humble—will admit that the game is not so easy as it looked. He will be seen watching the "style" of approved players, and will be ready to ask and follow professional advice. The game of golf in this respect is the game of life. No pursuit in reality is quite so easy as it appears to the outsider.

Once initiated, however, the player at least will say that no other game possesses the fascination of golf. To judge by the talk of golfers, the outsider, perhaps, would say that no other game is so likely to make a man mad. Night and day no other ideas seem to occupy his brain. While the season is in, he can talk apparently of nothing but "foursomes" and "twosomes," the "odds" due for handicaps, and the details of the day's play. Even out of season he may be found going affectionately over his clubs, and practising surreptitious "puts" and "drives" in the sanctity of his winter smoking-room. Apart, however, from the enthusiasm which goes crazy over its pursuit, there can be no doubt that a strong natural fascination exists in the game. No record remains of its beginnings, but one can understand how, long before 1457, when the first Scottish Acts of Parliament were passed prohibiting golf in favour of archery, the miles of rolling velvet sea-sward round the northern coasts must have asked for some occupation, some game which would carry the player on in the sunshine and the golden wind, unconscious of distance and oblivious of care. The simplest and most natural expedient in the world was to make holes in the turf at long irregular distances, and to strive who should drive a ball along the links and into these in the fewest number of strokes. Who that knows the matchless stretch of downs by the grey cathedral city on the Fife-shire coast can imagine a nobler pleasure-ground? With the free boundless sky of the north overhead, and beside him the broad sapphire of the flashing sea, the golfer tastes an exhilaration all his own. In the autumn forenoon, as he comes down the links with opponents and attendant caddies to take his first drive-off, he is doing exactly what has been done there regularly for four or five hundred years, yet the fascination, the exhilaration, remain fresh as ever.

A foursome, two against two, makes the pleasantest game. There is a chance, of course, of more heart-burnings should one's partner be out of form, but there is also more room than in a twosome for play of dry golf humour, and more interest and variety in the game. From the moment, of course, when the caddie tees the ball for the first drive-off till the two-mile round has been made and the eighteenth hole putted-out, there is a strenuous assumption of hostilities. No game is like golf for warlike spirit; every point of technicality is jealously remembered, and, moreover, there is probably a small bet on. It is well, therefore, to have a partner who, in the event of winning the match, can support mutual congratulations, and whose shortcomings, should the match be lost, can be applied as a secret salve to one's soul.

There are many trials of self-possession throughout the game, but that eighteenth putting-green is the crucial spot. Up to this point the match, perhaps, has been played very closely. Both sides have had something like an equal experience of hazards, bunkers, stimpies, and the other ills that golfing flesh is heir to, and at the final green, having "halved" several previous holes, they lie alike. It is an exciting moment. The other side have played the odds from some distance and grievously missed, but have played the two more and gone in. "You've that for the match," says one's partner, and dissembling his anxiety, as if his services would not be needed for another stroke, he takes out his cigar-case. The bystanders gather uncomfortably round, and an agitating remark is heard—"I've seen as gude a player miss't." Opponents stand politely silent, but inwardly imploring disaster. It is a simple thing—only a three-foot stroke; but on it there hangs a match to be won or a reputation to be lost. In the momentousness lies the danger. The caddie silently, with the handle of a cleek, indicates a threatening incline of the ground, then stands aside, breathless. Slowly the putter is raised: a click, the ball runs forward, wavers, and—drops in. The match is won. And for the rest of the afternoon life remains entirely *couléur de rose*. G. E. T.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

WITH A TOW-NET.

A warm day has come at last; and September, as it often does, bids fair to rival August in respect of its summer-like temperature. There has been a heat-haze on the Channel here, at Eastbourne, all the morning. At 6 a.m. you could scarcely see the end of the pier for the soft, filmy vapour which rose from the waters and enveloped everything in its toils. Then, by eight o'clock, all was clear, and the sun had begun to tell even then on the water, and to forebode a sweltering day for Eastbourne and, if I mistake not, the south-east corner of the island at large. The weather-prophets have been (as usual) careful in their predictions. They can scarcely take Hosea Biglow's advice—"Only prophesy when you know." Weather-wise folk are, as a rule—well, to put it mildly, humbugs; at least, such is my experience of that variety of the human species just named. "It'll be a fine day to-morrow, surely, Sir!" was the dictum of an Eastbourne salt, a day or two gone by; and next day it poured. This might have been his idea of a "fine" day: needless to say, it was not mine. The newspapers give us the forecast for to-day as weather probably fine, but with a tendency to light winds, for this part of the world. At present it is decidedly "fine," but the winds are nowhere. The sea is like glass, and invites us for a lazy siesta in a boat. Eastbourne boats are famous—for their names, at least. Botanical tastes flourish prominently. There are "Lilies" and "Bluebells" and "Snowdrops," and one mariner, with a taste for Eastern things, has actually named his boat the "Shah." However, they are all safe craft enough on a day like this, and away past the pier we ply our way, and at length find ourselves a mile or two out on the "painted ocean" which the Channel represents this morning.

Armed with a big-mouthed bottle, which I purchased at the chemist's shop, and a tow-net, I am going to try a little fishing on my own account this forenoon. You shall be as lazy as you will, and may read the latest "yellow back" as you lie ensconced in the bow of the boat. We will let the Saucy Polly drift as she will—boats, like feminine minds, often do very well indeed, so long as you let them have precisely their own way; and this, also, is true philosophy. By the time you have read fifty pages or less of that two-shilling novel, I shall have captured something you will be glad to see, even if you throw your fiction (metaphorically) overboard, and take to light science in its place. What is this I am preparing to throw over the stern? 'Tis a tow-net. It is a primitive apparatus, if you will. I made it myself this morning, with the tacit assistance (and approval) of Mary Jane, the chambermaid, who wondered whatever I "was going to be at with that there thing, Sir!" and who provided the whalebone and the muslin. You see I have bent the whalebone into a circle, and have tied the ends firmly. This is the frame of my net. The net itself is only a bit of muslin which I have sewed on to the whalebone, run so as to make a bag thereof. You should have heard that young person in the hotel laugh as she saw me using my needle and thread. Possibly, she thinks I could not sew on a button, but she is mistaken if such be her imaginings. It is really a weakness of the female mind, that it thinks no man ever born can use a needle properly or sew on a button as the latter operation should be performed. But I made my tow-net successfully, you see, and now I throw it over the stern of the boat, and keep it securely following us as we drift, by aid of a piece of string. It is a surface-trawl, if you like to call it so, and imitates in its way much bigger realities of deep-sea exploration.

We have drifted about half a mile or so, slowly, indeed, over the glassy sea. Meanwhile, I have been transferring from my tow-net to my big-mouthed bottle certain curious living things, which I have captured in my muslin trawl. Look at them as you see them swimming about in my bottle. I have contrived to secure about a dozen of these beautiful creatures; and now, like as many brilliant jewels, they disport themselves within the confines of the jar. "Jelly-fishes," you say, and I reply, "Not quite"; for what you see are *Beroës*, that rank much more highly in the scale than jelly-fishes, although they do belong to the same great division of the animal world, which harbours the latter forms. Each of my *Beroës* is fluttering and twittering in the bottle. We will study the cause of the movement presently. Meanwhile, you see they are of all sizes, ranging from that of a pea to that of a small nut. Each is a clear glassy ball; or, rather, it is orange-shaped somewhat, and, like the comparison of the infant school about the orange and the world, each *Beroë* is somewhat flattened at the poles. The sea to-day must be literally alive with them. I knew from past experience that this hot September day would bring them up to the surface in their thousands, and that was why I went "a-fishin'," as a gentleman lately called it who surveyed me from the top of the pier, and thought it a huge joke to inquire "if I was on the outlook for whales." I always notice that facetious persons of this type ignore the terminal letters of words; and by the absence of the *g* you know the Cockney 'Arry and his tender mercies in respect of Lindley Murray and the "feelin's" of other people.

The *Beroës* in my glass bottle belong to a group of animals called "comb-bearers" (I spare you the scientific equivalent of these words). They stand higher than the sea anemones, albeit they are near relatives of these animals. Look at the body of that big *Beroë*, and notice how it swims. Running up and down its spherical body, from top to bottom, your eye detects eight bands or lines. Now, each of these lines is a collection of little "combs," and each "comb," set athwart the line, consists of a stem and "teeth"—only the teeth of the combs, here, are living threads of protoplasm called "cilia." You have seen these cilia in the sponge, and in the oyster's gills before now; and so, by aid of its eight lines of combs, each with its multitude of cilia, waving backwards and forwards with swift movement, our *Beroë* flits through the water. It is a different motion this, from the relatively slow expansion and contraction of the jelly-fish. The *Beroë*'s motion is really a kind of twittering, as I have already said, and is almost unlike any other form of movement you can see in all the wide expanse of the waters around. Two long tentacles or feelers, you observe, stretch away from the mouth-end or lower extremity of the *Beroë*, and these tentacles can be protruded or retracted at will. They are provided with little cells which sting and paralyse the prey on which our *Beroë* feeds, and which must consist of the microscopic life of the deep, and of the crustacean flotsam and jetsam wherewith the ocean teems. A digestive system and a nervous system are comprised in the belongings of this tiny crystal globe, so that once again we seem to see how living nature in all its delicacy yet appeals to the same laws of existence as does the largest of vital things. There is a near relative of the *Beroë*, called the "Venus Girdle," and by night this flat and ribbon-like creature appears as a waving band of flame. It is phosphorescent in its habits, in other words; but, as far as I know, our modest *Beroë* is devoid of light-producing powers, and at night, like a modest and retiring organism, descends to the depths of the sea; to reappear on the surface when the sea is smooth, when the sun shines brightly, and when all nature is peaceful and kind, as in very truth it is to-day. ANDREW WILSON.

LITTLE MORETON HALL, CHESHIRE.

Little Moreton is justly considered one of the finest specimens remaining of the "half-timbered" or "magpie" work common to Cheshire. The building dates from the reign of Henry VII. or Henry VIII., and it is well known that these moated houses, adorned with black-and-white diapers of timbers and plaster, succeeded the castellated residences, and, in their turn, gave way to Tudor and Elizabethan mansions. Entering over the bridge from the south side, we find ourselves at the portal of a very ancient gateway, which admits us into the court. The buildings over this gateway are very lofty, and were probably used as sleeping-rooms. The sides of the long gallery or ball-room are almost entirely composed of a series of bay windows; the roof is of oak, resting on brackets, and formed into square compartments filled with quatrefoils. Scattered about over the ceiling of the hall and large parlour are inscriptions, stating that the windows were made by "William Moreton, M.D.L. IX," together with the arms and crest of Moreton. Over the window at the west end is a figure of Fortune resting on a wheel, with the motto "*Qui modo scandit corruebat statim*," and at the other end is another figure with a globe, and the inscription "The Speare of Destiny, whose rule is Knowledge." The most ancient part is undoubtedly the eastern. In this is a small and very curious chapel, which is not so carefully preserved as it deserves to be; the texts from the Bible are now scarcely visible. The old glass patterns in the windows of the house are of exquisite shapes and designs. This charming house is now used as a farmhouse, and is entirely surrounded by the moat. The description is borrowed from Mr. E. Walford's "Pleasant Days in Pleasant Places."

SINGAPORE.

Singapore, the capital of the thriving British colony known as the Straits Settlements, was lately honoured with a brief "angel visit" of Royalty, in the persons of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Our Illustrations, from photographs by Mr. Michael, give some idea of a few types of the inhabitants. Singapore, it may be said by way of introduction, is a settlement which scores exactly the years of Queen Victoria, for it was in 1819, the year of her Majesty's birth, when Sir Stamford Raffles, the far-seeing founder of the colony, planted his flag of settlement on the long strand of the bay which now forms the harbour of Singapore. A mere Malay fishing village at the mouth of a muddy tidal creek, it has, in these few years as historical time is reckoned, sprung up into one of the busiest marts of British commerce in the East. The immigrant Chinese population has completely swamped the original Malay inhabitants, and, to all intents and purposes, Singapore's native population may be considered as Chinese. In commerce and petty trade they play an indispensable part in the business life of the Colony, and more than one half of the colonial revenue is derived from an impost on the opium they consume. The ranks of labour are almost exclusively Chinese, although a good many Madrasis, or Klings, as they are here termed, make a livelihood in the lower walks of life. As an *entrepôt* of trade, and more especially as a fortified coaling station, Singapore is familiar to the English public. Sir Cecil Clementi Smith, the Governor of the Colony, is now taking a few months' leave, after two and a half years' service. During that time Sir Cecil Smith's policy has been a large and successful one. Pahang has been added to the Protected Native States, the Chinese secret societies have at last been suppressed—a task which all previous Governors had shrunk from attempting—and an era of railway construction in the Native States is now entered upon. During the Governor's absence in England the Colony will be administered by Sir Frederick Dickson, Colonial Secretary, to whose pleasantly written article in a recent number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* reference may be made for fuller information concerning the Straits Settlements.

A few examples of types of the immigrant native population of Singapore are given in our Sketches. The "chetty," or Hindoo money-lender; from Madras, is represented by a brace of persons of that unsavoury profession, white-clad, and with chalk caste-marks on the forehead. Food-vendors swarm in the streets and under the arcades or verandahs that constitute so characteristic a feature of Singapore architecture. Among these are a group of cake-sellers from Madras and Calcutta, and a Chinese dealer in sugar-cane, with two coolie customers. Performing monkeys and their masters, such as form the subject of another illustration, can be seen all over India, of course, and find their way here as elsewhere. A Madras beggar-woman, with her scantily clad urchins and chubby baby, is the subject of one of our Illustrations.

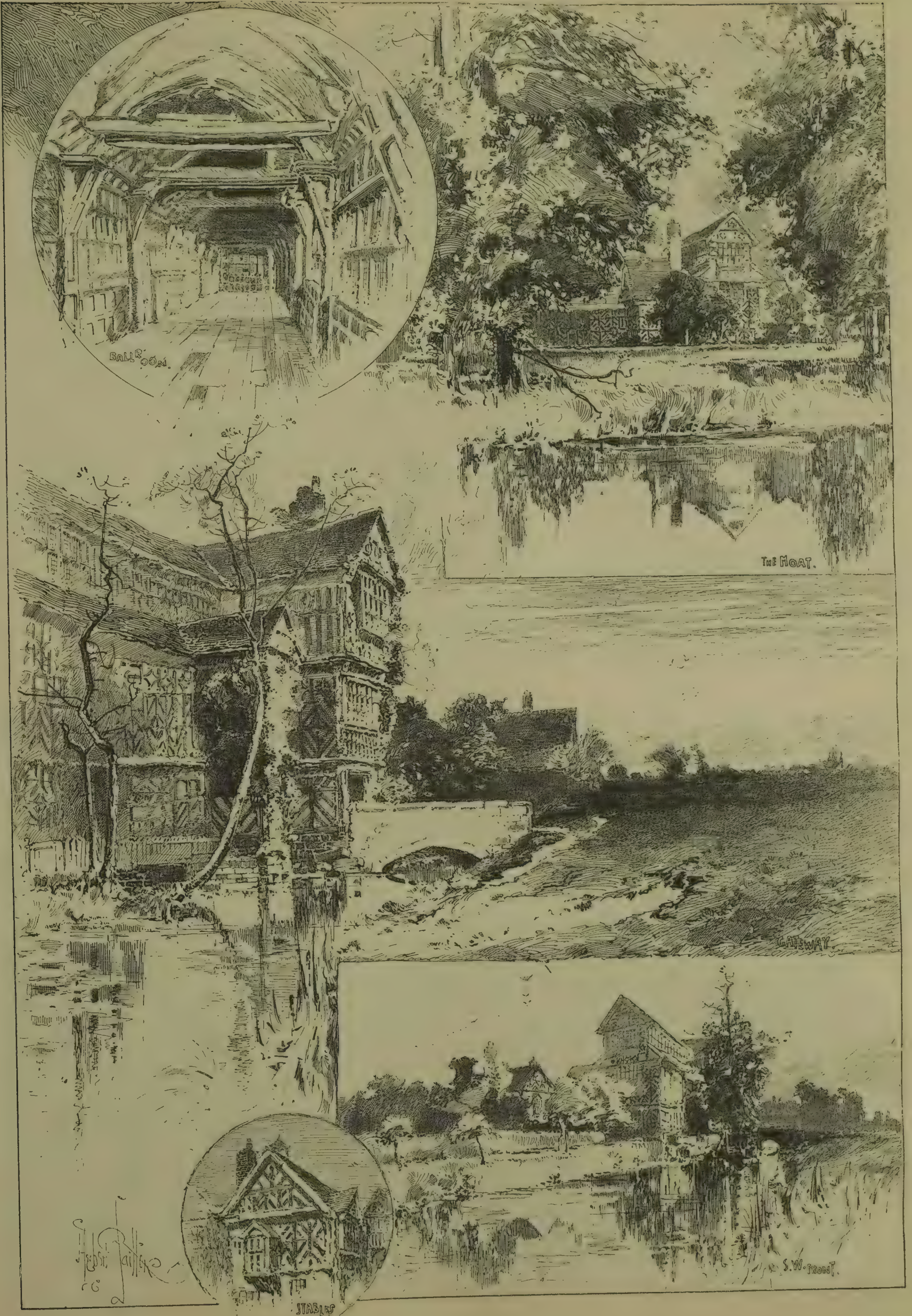
OLD AND NEW TAUNTON.

An interesting interchange of greetings has recently taken place between Taunton, the county town of Somerset, and Taunton, Massachusetts, U.S.A., the latter city having been founded, in 1639, by emigrants from old Taunton. When the recent quarter-millennial celebration of the founding of New Taunton was held, the Corporation of the county town of Somerset sent over congratulatory addresses, and their courtesy has now been acknowledged by an official visit from Mr. Edmund H. Bennett, first Mayor of Taunton, Mass., and Judge of Probate for Bristol county in that State, who was the bearer of greetings from the City Council of his city to the Corporation of Taunton. As representing the descendants of the Somerset Puritans, he has been warmly received in the town, and has been present at numerous banquets and other public functions. At a special meeting of the Town Council, he presented a number of official documents from the City Council of New Taunton, and conveyed the friendly greetings with which he was charged.

Mr. Bennett completed his visit, on Sept. 6, by joining the Corporation in a drive through the lovely glades of West Somerset for some forty-four miles. The party first drove to Crowcombe Court, under the Quantock Hills, where the Hon. R. C. and Mrs. Trollope kindly exhibited their collection of valuable pictures, some of which were shown in the recent Vandyck Exhibition in London. Subsequently, after a drive along the shores of the Severn Sea, the party visited Dunster Castle, where Captain Hugh Luttrell spent some hours showing the works of art, ancient charters and seals, &c., which have accumulated during the 500 years that the Luttrells have possessed this old feudal stronghold.

At the dinner which followed, the health of the President of the United States was honoured, and Judge Bennett, who replied, spoke of the brotherhood of the English and American nations, between whom war could never again break out, as they would ever maintain the principle of arbitration.

An addition was made to the number of Jewish synagogues in London on Sunday, Sept. 7, when Dr. Adler, Acting Chief Rabbi, consecrated a synagogue at Brook-green, Hammersmith. It is connected with the United Synagogue presided over by Lord Rothschild, which now has under its jurisdiction twelve synagogues in all parts of the Metropolis.



SKETCHES OF LITTLE MORETON HALL, CHESHIRE.



1. Cake Sellers from Madras.
2. Hindoo Money-lender from Madras.

3. Madras Beggar-woman and Children.
4. Chinese Sugar-cane Seller with Coolie Customers.

5. Performing Monkeys.

SKETCHES IN SINGAPORE.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL T. PRICE, COMMANDING VICTORIA MOUNTED RIFLES.



VICTORIA MOUNTED RIFLE VOLUNTEER.

THE COLONIAL RIFLE VOLUNTEERS OF AUSTRALIA.

THE OLD PLACE.

I suppose, among the manifold wishes with which we weary the immortal gods, none is more common than the wish to see once more the golden places where we have spent our happier hours. Of such an intuition—for it is something more than a wish—at one time or another we all become conscious. The springs of memory are unlocked by some chance word or accidental allusion; and the flowing tide comes back upon us with a sweep and a rush it seems impossible to stay. The old scenes are defined against the horizon of the past with the strange clearness of a landscape before rain; and as they stand out for a moment, free from mist and shadow, with a rosy light softening every outline and melting away every blur or spot, they fascinate our imagination; we yield to the spell, and cry, "How beautiful it all was! How I should like to see it again before I die! Never since have woods been so green as those which waved their boughs above my childhood! Never since have birds sung so sweetly! Never since have skies been so blue! Let me visit once more that hallowed land! Let me look upon those green woods, and listen to those joyous birds, and rejoice in the glory of those sunny skies, and I shall be happy. Yes, as happy now as I was then! With the old scenes will return the old mirth and hopefulness and elasticity of spirit."

Now, to describe the emotions which possess us when, through some fortunate chance, this wish is fulfilled, is a favourite theme with the poets, whose task it is to put into gracious and becoming form the sentiments that duller souls feel but are unable to express—in other words, to interpret Humanity to itself. And, accordingly, they sing of the bliss that thrills our whole being when we tread once more the paths we trod in our early years—when we stand by the side of the wimpling burn in which, with a bent pin for a hook and a bit of feather for bait, we made our first piscatorial essay—or when we penetrate into the cool hazel copse, where our youthful hands tore the tawny spoil from pliant branches. It would seem, too, that it is the habit of great men who have made fame and fortune abroad, and happily returned to their native land, to start at once on a swift pilgrimage to their birthplace—or to the school where, with painful labour, they learned, like Master Page's son, to decline *Hic, hæc, hoc*, and, with more painful labour still, to conjugate the inevitable *τυππώ*. Making their way to Winchester or Eton or Harrow, as the case may be, they gaze with delight (we are told) on the half-legible initials which their boyish fingers idly carved on the least accessible post or beam in chapel or school-room. Or they seek out the old village church, where, in the high-backed pew, they dreamed the dreams of eager boyhood, while overhead the aged Rector droned through his twenty minutes, in the sleepiest of tones, and charmed his congregation into sweet forgetfulness of sublunary affairs. Or a tenderer association draws them to the old familiar lane which, when brightened by one beloved Presence, had been to them as a shining path in Paradise. And we are given to understand that it is with an almost inexpressible pleasure they revisit these well-known scenes—that they find the scent of the flowers as sweet and the music of the brook as melodious as in the departed years; and that it all comes back again—the beauty and the grace and the glory of their prime.

This may pass with the poets, who live in a world of ideals, and, even when they fulfil their task of expressing the feelings of their less gifted fellows, too often project into them a strain of romance which belongs to themselves and not to us. For my own part, I believe that when the wish is carried out the result is seldom or never what the poets are pleased to represent. I know nothing more certain to disillusionise us than revisiting the places associated in our memory with what we suppose to have been our happiest days. To begin with, we are almost always deceived in our recollections. We so profusely avail ourselves of the figments of imagination that the actual scene becomes transformed into a wholly fanciful and unreal picture. A scanty coppice blooms out into a deep umbrageous wood, or a muddy stream is converted into a fountain of Bandusian clearness. We plant the hedgerows with flowers which blossom only in Arcadia, and fill the groves with music heard nowhere but in fairyland. Even the landscape which pleased us only last summer we invest with a colouring which is all imagination, so that when we return to it, expecting to see the gracious ideal which we have gradually evolved out of our inner consciousness, we are sensible of a cold shudder of discouragement. Is this, we say, the loch that last year shone like a shield of silver, which some god, weary of battle, had thrown down among the mountains as he withdrew into the clouds? And are those mountains, now so bare and rugged, the glorious heights which last year were arrayed in robes of gold and purple?

This is the feeling most of us experience when we visit a landscape which a great poet has painted in words of fire. To take a well-known instance, who has not felt a kind of shock when, fresh from the perusal of "The Lady of the Lake," he has strayed into the Trossachs, and explored the isles and shores of Loch Katrine? There is a story told of Turner that, to a critic complaining that he could not see in nature what the great painter had put into one of his pictures, he replied—"No, Sir, but don't you wish you could?" Our humility leads us to apply the moral to ourselves (*de nobis fabula narratur*) when we become aware of our inability to discover in this scene or that what Wordsworth or Shelley discovered in them. But we exaggerate, I think, our mental deficiency. No two persons ascribe to the same scene the same attributes. What appeals so strongly to the one has little power over the other. And to both it will appear, a year or two hence, in an entirely different light, because both will be different individuals, looking at it from different points of view.

Therefore I, for one, am content to repress any desire that may at times make itself felt to revisit the old places, or, for that matter, to hear again the old songs. I know that I cannot see the old places with the eyes of youth any more than I can hear the old songs with youthful ears. The self that lived among them ten or twenty or thirty years ago has passed away into the *Ewigkeit*, and will return no more. If I go back thither now, I take with me another self, with other methods of thought and standards of appreciation, other ideas, tastes, emotions, faculties. What the strongest among us can never do is to change or transmute the present into the past. What has gone is gone, and there is an end of it. I have sometimes wondered that Shakspeare elected to retire to his native town; for not even his imagination can have remade it into the Stratford-upon-Avon of his young and lusty days, when he killed Sir Thomas Lucy's deer, and wooed Anne Hathaway among the green fields of Shottery, and flung about his gay epigrams with the recklessness of youthful genius. No; we cannot clothe ourselves with the abounding energies, the fresh delight, the exhaustless capacity for enjoyment which were ours in the *auld lang syne*; and therefore the old places can never be again what once they were. We court disappointment in going back to them. It is as cheerless as walking among dead leaves in a blighted wood, or in a graveyard sown with the dust of our ancestors. And graves, indeed, lie all around that backward track. Here is buried a rash ambition, and there a faded

joy. Here moulders a broken friendship, yonder sleeps a hopeless love. Ah! my friends, let us keep our illusions! Let the old places alone! Let them be as they appear to the fond eyes of Memory, radiant with rainbows and flashes of sunshine—with the rose of dawn, fresh and fair as fancy paints them! The rippling brook, the leafy lane, the smiling meads—the old church, the old school, the old mill, and everything that is old—let them remain for ever adorned with the glorious light of the earlier years! Let us not deprive ourselves of the sweetest and most unalloyed of human pleasures! As yet, we know not all we have lost in the fierce struggle of life; but revisit those scenes, those old places, and the bitter knowledge will be forced upon us! Where is the purity, the innocence of soul which was ours?—the keen relish of life, the exuberant vigour? Where the buoyancy of mind, the elasticity of spirit? Ah! no. Let us be content with our illusions, and not seek the rude awakening which follows upon revisiting the old places!

W. H. D.-A.

THE LATE MISS MARIANNE NORTH.

The death of this accomplished lady artist, naturalist, and botanist, an enterprising traveller, and the magnificent donor of valuable collections to the Royal Museum at Kew, and of the cost of a gallery to receive them, is an occasion for public as well as private regret. She was born at Hastings in 1830, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Frederick North, M.P., of Rougham, Norfolk, and was carefully educated under her father's personal superintendence, travelling with him in Egypt, Syria, Palestine, and Sicily, during several years. Her talents both for music and painting were early developed, and in the latter pursuit she attained professional skill, especially as a landscape artist; but after her father's death, in 1869, Miss North travelled extensively in America, the West Indies, and Brazil, devoting her attention chiefly to natural history, especially to all forms of vegetation. She spent about six years in the careful examination and artistic delineation of such subjects, not only in the Western World, but in the East, in India, Ceylon, and the Malay islands, returning in 1877 with a wonderful collection of pictures, drawings, and sketches. These were exhibited



THE LATE MISS MARIANNE NORTH.

at a conversazione of the Royal Society, and by the Science and Art Department at South Kensington; the Queen also had a private view of them at Windsor Castle. In 1879, Miss North generously bestowed the whole of her collections, which were considered by Sir Joseph Hooker of the greatest scientific and practical value, to the Kew Museum, for the public benefit, and further offered, at her own expense, to provide a suitable building in the Kew Gardens. This liberal offer was gladly accepted; Miss North was rewarded by the general expression of public esteem and gratitude, and the pleasure of superintending the arrangement of her gallery, which was opened in July 1882. It has since received many additions from her later travels and studies in Australia, New Zealand, the South Sea Islands, South Africa, Mauritius, and the isles of the Indian Ocean. Visitors to Kew will long find cause to thank Miss Marianne North for one of the best means of instructive entertainment, and accurate knowledge of the marvels of Nature, provided in that noble institution.

THE TRADE IN OTTO OF ROSES.

The British Vice-Consul at Philippopolis, in his last report, says that it is estimated that during the past year about 620,000 "miskals," equal to 6594 lb., of otto of roses were exported, the price being calculated at 1½d. per degree per "miskal," and Kezanlik otto varying from 13 deg. to 16 deg. The value exported would therefore be about £62,000. This price is 12½ per cent. below that of former years, the trade is suffering from Turkish and other competition, and from the distrust caused by adulteration, for which purpose the essence of geranium is chiefly employed. The Government have forbidden the importation of this essence, but it continues to be smuggled into the province.

Worthing was incorporated as a borough on Sept. 3, with many demonstrations of public rejoicing.

The Earl of Northbrook, G.C.S.I., has been appointed Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Hampshire, in the room of the late Earl of Carnarvon.

After nearly forty years' public service, Mr. Louis Tennyson D'Eyncourt, senior Metropolitan police magistrate, has tendered his resignation to the Home Secretary, but will continue to hold office until his successor is appointed.

M. Emile Lemoine, the French horticulturist, delivered a lecture on "Gladioli" at the Drill Hall of the London Scottish Volunteers, James-street, Westminster, on Sept. 9. M. Lemoine brings with him a very large selection of the hardy hybrid gladioli with which his and his father's name are associated.

COLONIAL VOLUNTEERS IN AUSTRALIA.

The military forces of the Colony of Victoria consist of a permanent force of Militia and Volunteers, with a headquarter staff and separate staff establishments for the Militia, the Mounted Rifles, the Rifle Volunteers, the Cadet Corps, the Engineers, and the Artillery. The Militia Cavalry muster seventy-one troopers; the Volunteer Horse Artillery, sixty; the Field Artillery, 269 men (three batteries and headquarters); the Garrison Artillery, 723, with batteries at Geelong, Port Phillip, North Melbourne, Williamstown, Harbour Trust, Port Fairy, Warrnambool, and Portland; the Victorian Engineers, with submarine mining and field companies, 183; the Victorian Rifles, 1908; the Mounted Rifles, 1000; the Victorian Rangers, 856; the Ambulance Corps, 40; the Commissariat and Transport Corps, 64; the Medical Staff, 16; and there is a reserve of officers, 45, with 5 unattached officers, and 18 unattached medical officers; making a total of 5594. The Artillery possess 177 guns of different kinds.

The Victorian Mounted Rifles are a regiment that was raised in 1885, by Colonel T. Price, at the request of the Government, and is commanded by that officer. It is 1000 strong, but is to be increased to 1200, divided into two battalions. The force is extremely popular, and there is never any lack of recruits from all parts of the colony: it is said to be the best-equipped mounted infantry corps in the British Empire. The service is purely voluntary, each man finding his own horse and saddle, while Government finds his equipment. Each effective earns £3 for his company, which is funded and devoted to company expenditure for military duty. The uniform is plain and serviceable, of khakee, with crimson facings and brown-leather appointments; the uniform of all ranks being assimilated as much as possible, in order to avoid officers being picked off.

Colonel Price is of opinion that, were their services required, fully 600 of this regiment would volunteer for England, India, or wherever fighting might be needful. A team of this regiment is expected to compete at the next annual Military Tournament in London.

Lieutenant-Colonel Price entered the Army in June 1861, served with the 103rd Fusiliers and Madras Staff Corps until 1883, when he was employed in organising the police on much the same lines as the Victorian Mounted Rifles—forming detachments throughout the various districts, grouping the same into local companies, and affording instruction in drill and shooting to detachments weekly, and companies monthly, or oftener as opportunity occurred. He has raised and organised the Mounted Rifles and the Rifle Clubs, beginning in May 1885. These two forces in six months represented over 5000 men, and were composed of some of the finest shots in the Colony, the Queen's Prize falling to a member of them in 1887. In that year he raised and organised the Victorian Rangers, a battalion of infantry 700 strong, but resigned this command about a year after it was raised. He was in consultation with the Defence Authorities of the other Colonies, and aided in raising the Mounted Infantry regiments in those Colonies. The Victorian Mounted Rifles now consist of one battalion of 1000 of all ranks, and it is proposed to raise 200 more men and divide the corps into two battalions, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Price.

GREEK DOCUMENTS OF THE THIRD CENTURY B.C.

Professors A. H. Sayce and J. P. Mahaffy write to the *Academy*: "Your readers will be glad to hear the following news. Among the many curiosities lately brought from Egypt by that indefatigable excavator, Mr. Flinders Petrie, were sundry Greek papyri, which he very kindly brought down here and submitted to our examination. After a week's work we are able to classify them as follows: (a) Fragments of the 'Phaedo' of Plato, very carefully written, and dating, like all the other documents, from early in the Ptolemaic era. They reach from 67 E to 69 and from 79 to 83 in the marginal paging. The text shows considerable variations from our best manuscripts. (b) Fragments of the 'Antiope' of Euripides, containing portions of the latter part of the play, not comprised in any of the extant fragments. (c) A will, and several official copies of wills, executed in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, giving lists and descriptions of slaves. (d) Numerous private letters on various subjects, some few complete, the rest lacerated, but full of curious indications of life and manners. (e) A fragment of a speech or essay on the duties of comrades, illustrating them from the behaviour of Achilles to Patroclus. We have not yet been able to identify the author. The date of all the other documents being prior to 240 B.C., this work also is probably of the classical epoch. We hope to publish the first two of these lists in the autumn, and the rest as soon as they have been properly sorted and studied. The interest of this collection of early Greek manuscripts, not only to the scholar but to the palæographer, is such that we have made this announcement at the earliest moment."

During the week ending Sept. 6 twelve steamers landed live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool from American and Canadian ports, bringing a collective supply of 4079 cattle, 660 sheep, and 16,950 quarters of beef.

A penny postage-stamp, on the adhesive side of which was written a message in shorthand and the address of a resident at Guildford, was posted the other day in Lincoln, and has been duly delivered at the address stated in Guildford. The official mark had been stamped upon the face of this novel letter, and the writing on the back was easily deciphered when the stamp reached its destination.

The Mayor of Belfast, on Sept. 6, opened the new Albert Bridge which links the city with one of its most important suburbs. The foundation-stone of the bridge was laid by Prince Albert Victor in May 1889. It is a magnificent structure, and the opening ceremony took place in presence of a great mass of people. The Mayor afterwards entertained a large company at luncheon in the Townhall.

It has been decided to hold at the New Gallery, from January to April of next year, an exhibition of pictures and objects of interest connected with the Royal House of Hanover, from the accession of George I. to the death of William IV. (A.D. 1714-1837). The exhibition is to include not only portraits of the Royal family, but also those of the most famous statesmen, lawyers, divines, commanders naval and military, and the representatives of art, literature, and science.

The Diocesan Conference of St. Asaph was opened on Sept. 4 at Oswestry. The Bishop spoke of the manner in which the Intermediate Education Act should be carried out. He said Churchmen would insist upon the right to have religious teaching in the intermediate schools. He hoped care would be taken that the advantages of those schools were preserved for the poorer classes, and not monopolised by the middle classes. In the evening Lord Powis presented the Bishop with a pastoral staff. The Conference was resumed on the 5th, and the question of free *versus* assisted education led to an animated debate, the Bishop deprecating the hostile attitude of the clergy towards free education.

THE BROWN HARE.

Lepus timidus is a well-known animal. The inhabitants of many climes are familiar with its presence. On the European continent it is distributed, more or less, from the shores of the Mediterranean and the Caucasian chain to the south of Sweden and the north of Russia; but on account of climatic variations it assumes diverse forms in different countries, and is distinguished by different names. In Britain, though the Ground Game Act of 1880, which confers on farmers of land a right to kill hares, has had a tendency to reduction of numbers, it is still found throughout England, and in Scotland its range extends from the Tweed to the limits of Caithness and Sutherlandshires. The hare is a fastidious creature. Like mankind, it cherishes likings and dislikings. Many naturalists have written that it bears the rabbit an antipathy, and forsakes localities where that prolific rodent has intruded itself; but the charge is not very well established. It is true, however, that it evinces a preference for some places and a loathing for others. By practice an epicurean and a connoisseur of succulent herbage, it gravitates towards situations where tillage prevails, and where in spring cereal crops, fields of rye, and trefoil abound. For flavoured food it entertains a penchant, and aromatic plants, as thyme, parsley, and pink, delight its palate. In winter, when verdure has decayed or is covered with snow and blighted by frosts, it attacks the bark of willow, ash, and birch trees; visits stackyards, kitchen gardens to feed on vegetables, and orchards to strip the rind from pear and apple trees. It generally feeds in the evening and at night, reposing in cover by day. It constructs its form among long grasses, rushes, and even heather; and, should plantations of conifers or natural wood coppice be in the vicinity, it selects a dry spot whereon to make its habitation. Furze and broom covers interspersed with patches of odoriferous herbs possess irresistible fascinations. The hare begins to breed when a year old, and gives birth to several broods in a season. The first litter appears in spring, but baby leverets have been noticed as early as January and as late as November. These, however, are exceptional experiences. Gestation extends over a period of thirty days. The young, which when born are clothed with fur and have their eyes open, are sometimes single, more frequently twins, and seldom triplets; but in 1799 as many as seven were discovered in one nest on an estate in Essex, each bearing a white-coloured star on the forehead, a mark which Nature imprints upon leporine families of abnormal numbers. They are suckled for about twenty days, after which they emigrate to set up separate homes for themselves, at a short distance from the maternal residence. The brown hare is not a burrowing variety of the Leporidae, and seldom or never goes to earth.

Larger than the rabbit and the Alpine hare, its flesh is also superior as a soup-forming commodity, on account of the greater quantity of blood which it contains. Its average weight is about 8 lb., but individuals which scaled upwards of 13 lb. have been killed. Those inhabiting the Isle of Man are very large, while the most inferior find a habitat in some of the Western Isles. In the wild state, it never takes on the fat that covers the kidneys of the rabbit in early winter. Though by nature extremely timid, its shyness can be overcome. Whosoever has not read of the gentle Cowper's pets should do so, and sympathise. When reclaimed and handled it lapses into a condition of indifference to the sounds and noises which had formerly inspired it with terror, and which the older naturalists maintain prevent it from acquiring grease. In olden times, warreners, to improve their condition, were in the habit of filling the orifice of the ear with wax to deaden the sense of sound. Be this as it may, it is almost beyond doubt that in domestication they often become victims of obesity. The flesh of young is more luscious and nourishing than that of aged hares, which in advanced life become tough and tasteless. The former may be recognised by the facility with which the jawbone can be fractured, while contiguity of the bones of the knee joint of the fore legs, blunt claws, leathern and desiccated ears, and spreading of the cleft in the lips are indicative of senility. The ancients attributed peculiar effects to its flesh. Pliny remarks that it acts as a soporific, and enhances the personal charms of those who partake of it—a virtue which must have rendered it a favourite among the Roman ladies. Horace, who in his youth affected epicureanism, praises its quality as a delicacy of the table. The Britons esteemed the hare sacred, and refrained, for that reason, from eating it; and several Eastern peoples—conspicuous among these the Jews and Mohammedans—relegated it to the category of things unclean.

We are apt to think that few quadrupeds are less adapted to practise natation than it is. Still it does. I have seen rabbits take to water, and shot them; and there are several accredited instances on record of hares swimming rivers, not only when pursued, but voluntarily, in search of food, or to seek a mate. Yarrell knew of one which crossed an arm of the sea one mile in breadth. Fouilloux saw another start at the sound of the hunting-horn, bound into a pool, and swim to a clump of rushes in the centre, where it lay concealed from its canine pursuers. In October 1792 a hare, after a run of sixteen miles, leapt into the sea near Cuckmere, in Sussex, and had paddled for a quarter of a mile from shore before it was captured by the hounds.

Its speed and staying powers, much greater than those of the rabbit, surpass those of the mountain variety. A hare in prime condition will lead the best dogs a merry dance over undulating ridges rising in terraces mile after mile. An accurate conception of its capabilities cannot always be formed by its performance at the great coursing meetings, which are held at a period of the year when, in some cases, it is weak, if not emaciated, and not unfrequently weighted with young. In 1789 a match was arranged in Wiltshire between two hounds. Puss was started on Stoke Down, and ran fifteen miles in three quarters of an hour. When chased by harriers, endurance more than velocity is brought into prominence. A celebrated run was made by Lord Ongley's harriers in 1798, which was kept up for three hours, during which the hare ran through part of eight parishes and three counties.

Mortality among hares, when it is the result of disease of a virulent type, decimates their ranks even more than the sportsman's weapon. The origin of the malady, which proves most destructive, may probably be traced to certain conditions of weather. It has been observed to prevail to an alarming extent during very wet winters. On an estate in the North, last year, I knew them to drop dead in twos and threes every night. The carcasses might be seen near the yard, in plantations, behind dykes in fields, and even on footpaths; and this aggravating death-rate continued for several weeks. This species of pestilence has been compared with and seems to resemble what is termed "Rot," from which sheep suffer. If the interior of a hare that has died of the disease be submitted to a post-mortem scrutiny, the liver will be found to bear tubercles, and small bladders filled with a watery fluid.—D. A. M.

The good-service pension of £150 a year, vacant by the promotion to Rear-Admiral of Captain H. F. Cleveland, has been awarded to Captain Arthur T. Brooke, C.B.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

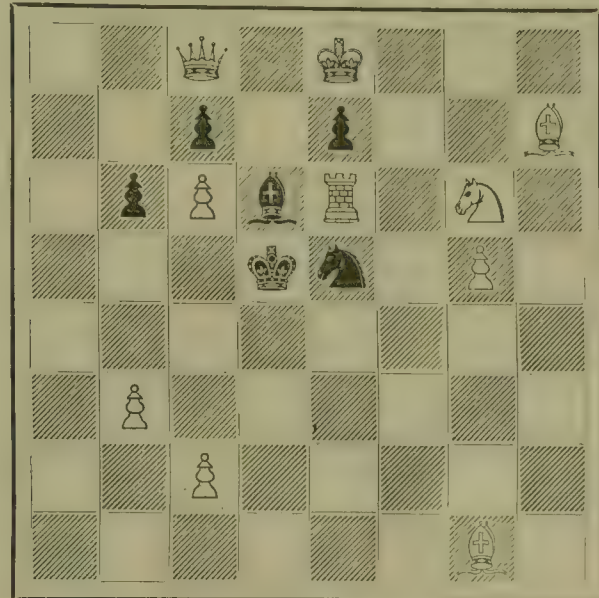
Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2414 received from Dr A. R. V. Sastri (Tumkur); of No. 2417 from Joseph Caporal (Smyrna), W. J. Pidgeon, J. W. Shaw (Montreal), and J. W. (Natal); of No. 2418 from Rev J. Wills (Barnstable, Mass.) and W. J. Pidgeon; of No. 2419 from M. A. Eyre and Alpha; of No. 2420 from James Sage (Tortebesse), L. Schlur (Vienna), Sorrento (Dawlish), A. Gwinner, Rev W. Winfield Cooper, E. Goodwin, Captain J. A. Challice, and A. E. June (Ryde).
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2421 received from Alpha, Columbus, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), James Sage, R. Worters (Canterbury), Sladforth, Dawn, Jupiter Junior, A. Newman, D. McGoy (Galway), Martin F. W. H. Reed (Liverpool), C. R. Ferragini, E. H. W. R. Rallien, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), W. Wright, B. D. Knox, H. S. B. (Fairholme), W. R. B. (Plymouth), W. D. Reid (Caniff), Fr. Fernando (Dublin), R. P. N. Banks, T. Roberts, E. Louden, N. Harris, T. G. (Ware), M. Burke, F. G. Clark, P. C. (Shrewsbury), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), R. H. Brooks, Swynon, Herbert Chown (Brighton), J. Coad, C. D. (Camberwell), G. Bradwell, and Howard A.
NOTE: 1. Kt to R 7th will not solve this problem. Black has a good reply in 1. B to B 6th, &c.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2419.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.
WHITE.
1. B to Q 4th
2. Q takes Q P (ch)
3. Kt to Q 2nd. Mate
BLACK.
K takes B
K moves
If Black play 1. K to B 3rd; 2. Q to B 7th; and 3. Q mates. If 1. K to K 5th; then 2. Q takes B P, and Kt mates at B 2nd.

PROBLEM No. 2423.

By MAX J. MEYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

THE MANCHESTER CONGRESS.

Game played between Captain MACKENZIE and Mr. BLACKBURNE.
(French Defence.)

WHITE (Capt. M.) BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 3rd
2. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
4. B to Kt 5th B to K 2nd
5. B takes Kt B takes B
6. Kt to B 3rd P to B 4th

This has the sanction of Steinitz, but it rather exposes Black's position. The centre is not as yet sufficiently blocked for such an advance, and we think Castling ought at least to precede it.

Apparently the source of Black's future difficulties lies in this move. It would have been better to play Kt to B 3rd at once rather than two moves later, for White must then look after his K B.

9. Castles P to B 5th
10. R to K sq (ch) K to B sq
11. B takes Kt P takes B
12. Kt to K 5th

White has now exchanged both his Bishops for the opposing Knights, but, contrary to the general principles of this opening, with a distinct advantage. This Kt virtually paralyses Black's game, more especially when safely posted later on at Q 4th.

12. Q to B 2nd
13. P to Q Kt 3rd P takes P
14. B P takes P P to Kt 3rd
15. Kt to R 4th K to Kt 2nd
16. Kt to B 5th R to K sq
17. P to K B 4th B to K 2nd
18. Q to Q 2nd B takes Kt
19. P takes B P to B 3rd
20. Kt to B 3rd B to Q 2nd
21. Kt to Q 4th K to B 2nd
22. P to Kt 3rd R takes R (ch)
23. R takes R R to K sq

Game played between Messrs. LOCOCK and TARRASCH.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. L.) BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. K Kt to B 3rd Q Kt to B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th P to Q B 3rd
4. B to R 4th P to Q Kt 4th
5. B to Kt 3rd B to Kt 2nd
6. P to Q 4th P takes P
7. Castles P to K Kt 3rd
8. Kt takes P Kt to R 4th
9. P to Q B 3rd Kt takes B
10. P takes Kt B to Kt 2nd
11. R to K sq K Kt to K 2nd
12. P to Q Kt 4th P to Q 3rd
13. Kt to Kt 3rd

Although his object is evidently to drive the adverse B from Kt 2nd, White is crowding his forces too much on the Queen's side. Either B to K 3rd or P to B 3rd seems to give a better game.

13. Kt to B 3rd
14. Q Kt to Q 2nd Castles
15. Kt to B 3rd Q to B sq
16. Kt to R 4th

Played apparently under some misapprehension.

A brief report of the British Chess Association Congress at Manchester is given on another page.

Mr. Blackburne is to give an exhibition of blindfold play at the City of London Chess Club on Monday, Sept. 22. The club's winter tournament will commence on Oct. 20.

The annual meeting of the secretaries of the metropolitan chess clubs will be held at Oliphant's Café, St. Bride-street, E.C., on Tuesday, Sept. 16, at 7.30 p.m.

Sir William Fitzgerald met his Clare tenants at Kildysart on Sept. 6, and, after granting a reduction of 45 per cent. on all rents, told them he would consent to sell them their holdings on reasonable terms, under the Ashbourne Act.

Lieutenant G. C. Nugent, 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, manager Military Amateurs, Dublin, has forwarded 200 guineas to the Dublin branch of the Army and Navy Pensioners' Employment Society from the proceeds of their performances at the Queen's Royal Theatre, Dublin, in August last.

IRISH INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

The Inspector of Reformatory and Industrial Schools in Ireland has issued his annual report to the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. He says that the Upton Reformatory for Roman Catholic Boys, County Cork, was closed in April 1889, owing to the decrease in the number of inmates, and reopened soon afterwards as an industrial school. This is the second occasion of late years where the managers of a reformatory have been obliged to resign their certificate owing to the falling-off in the number of inmates, the Ballinasloe Reformatory for Roman Catholic Girls having been closed in 1884, and it is probable that some of the other reformatories will soon find it necessary to adopt a similar course. At the close of 1889 there were eight reformatories and seventy industrial schools in active operation. Of these, two were Protestant and two Roman Catholic reformatories for boys. Three were reformatories for Roman Catholic girls, and one for Protestants. There were sixteen male Roman Catholic and five Protestant industrial schools, forty-two Roman Catholic, and six Protestant female schools, as well as one Roman Catholic industrial school for young children. The inspector adds that it is satisfactory to report a still further reduction (of ninety-two) during the past year in the total number under detention in reformatories, the numbers having fallen from 1160 in 1880 to 763 at the close of 1889. The inmates of the Industrial Schools, however, increased by 232 during last year. The commitments to reformatories during the year show a decrease (of forty-five) as compared with the preceding year, while the number sent to industrial schools increased by 152, during the same period. It is also satisfactory to note that the commitments of very young children to reformatories is each year steadily diminishing—the number under twelve years of age so sent in the past year being only twenty-nine, as compared with fifty-nine in 1888, and ninety-one in 1882. While it is probable that some few of these twenty-nine cases might have been more properly sent to industrial schools under the Act, yet the inspector is not prepared to say that the age test alone is any sufficient guide in determining which of the two classes of institution a boy or girl is best fitted for. There must occasionally be instances of such extreme precocity, even among children whose ages do not exceed twelve years, as might render it extremely dangerous to allow such children to associate with the inmates of industrial schools, who for the most part are free from any criminal taint. The committing magistrates, from their knowledge of the environments of the juvenile, are best able to judge as to the class of institution to which he should be sent. The degree of criminality of those committed to reformatories during 1889 may be judged by the fact that of the 177 admitted during the past year 173 were sentenced to the minimum term of imprisonment (fourteen days), and 140 of these were first convictions, and of the remainder only five had been convicted more than three times. This is a pleasing contrast to past years, many of the earlier admissions to reformatories having from twenty to thirty previous convictions recorded against them. The average net cost per head, allowing for profit or loss, was £22 12s. 7d. in reformatories, and £18 4s. 4d. in industrial schools.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

On Sept. 6 the ranges at Bisley and Wimbledon in the west, and those of Ilford and Grays in the east, were occupied by the Volunteers for shooting competitions, and most of the other Metropolitan ranges for class-firing. The principal events were those between members of the Victoria Rifles for the Battalion Challenge Plate, the Civil Service Rifles for the G Company prizes, the 26th Middlesex (Cyclist Corps) for the Challenge Vase, and the 2nd Tower Hamlets Rifles for the Munro Challenge Cup. The 1st Essex Artillery and the 2nd Middlesex Artillery had carbine competitions between various batteries, and the City of London Artillery went down to Sheerness for their last big gun practice of the season.

The 2nd Durham Artillery Volunteer Brigade, consisting of 800 men, officers and rank and file, were inspected on the 6th at Seaham Harbour by General Stephenson (commanding North-Eastern District, York) and Colonel Robinson. Colonel-Commandant the Marquis of Londonderry was in command. There were also on the ground Lords Henry and Herbert Vane-Tempest and Lord Castlereagh. The assemblage included the Marchioness of Londonderry, Sir West Ridgway, Sir Hedworth Williamson, and others. At the close of the various field movements the inspecting officer expressed himself very much pleased with the appearance and turn-out of the men and their steadiness in rank. He was particularly struck with the turn-out of the battery position, and the march-past was very good. He congratulated Lord Londonderry on having the command of such a fine body of men.

The annual shooting meeting of the Denbighshire Rifle Association took place on Sept. 5 at Ruthin, in the grounds surrounding the residence of Mr. Cornwallis West, M.P. The gathering was rendered additionally interesting this year by the presentation to Mr. West of a piece of plate by the officers of the 1st Volunteer Battalion Royal Welsh Fusiliers, of which he recently resigned the Colonelcy.

The Board of Trade returns for August show an increase in exports over August last year of £1,418,000, or 6.6 per cent., and a decrease in imports of £1,614,000, or 4.9 per cent.

Amid a scene of intense excitement, the Australians on Sept. 6 gained a brilliant victory over Lord Londesborough's Eleven by eight runs.

The Royal Northern Agricultural Society has recently held several meetings in the North of Scotland with a view to a more general adoption of the scheme of the Science and Art Department for instruction in the technical principles of agriculture. Mr. Backmaster has explained the nature and conditions upon which aid is given by the Science and Art Department, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, the Earl of Aberdeen, the Marquis of Huntly, Sir Arthur Grant, Bart., Colonel Stewart, and other proprietors have expressed their approval of the scheme, and it is expected that there will be a large increase in the number of agricultural science classes next winter.

The Bishop of Chester distributed the prizes on Sept. 6 to the students at the Chester Diocesan Training College. He said that in the first class they would find genius that had realised itself already; in the second class they would find genius which was biding its time. They had lately been reminded by Cardinal Newman, Dr. Moseley, and other distinguished persons that real geniuses were found in the third class at the University; but we did not live in virtue of genius. Genius was all very well in its way, but we knew that the vast work of life had to be done by those who were not geniuses, these who found themselves in the second class, and therefore, though he rejoiced in geniuses, whether past or future, he at the same time thought we were standing on a sure foundation in having a copious supply of solid second-class men, who would go forth and bear the brunt of the work-a-day world, and carry on education with satisfaction to their pupils and all concerned.

HANDWRITING.

In a volume of essays dedicated to "The Man in the Moon," and published in London in the early part of the eighteenth century, the author, speaking of a letter he had received, says: "The badness of the hand put me in doubt at first whether the letter came from a man of wit or a man of quality; but by the good sense and good spelling he cannot be a lord." Setting aside the injurious reference to the nobility which marks a time when education was not so generally esteemed as it is at present, and any literary work undertaken by an aristocrat, especially if a woman, was considered more or less of a social misdemeanour, the allusion to the bad handwriting of men of wit is as true now as when it was written, nearly two centuries ago. Many of our favourite authors write hands which fill their printers—and as a consequence their proofs—with confusion. The prescriptions of some of our leading physicians present characters mostly resembling the irregular scratches of a hen; and a large part of the contents of the letters of our cleverest and most intimate friends might as well be written, for all we can catch of the meaning, in Coptic or cuneiform.

The reason of this ill writing, which is an insult to its reader, and an abuse of the gift which Cadmus was, it is said, good enough to confer upon Europe, is that our ingenious people hold it beneath them to take the trouble to write plainly. Their example has been followed by others, and disastrous consequences have been recorded. A merchant of London wrote to his factor beyond the sea desiring him to send him by the next ship "2 o' 3" apes. His factor sent him four score—thinking he had asked for 203 instead of two or three—with apologies that he had no more at present in stock, but promised their future arrival. Another merchant received a ton of capers, having written for a ton of copper. A mathematician of repute was accused of an invidious reflection on the dimensions of the clergy, as his handwriting, by giving to the letter *s* the shape of the letter *r*, was understood to speak of the "area of a circular rector." And again, another, a geologist, was understood to mean "erotic blacks," when he had written to his own satisfaction "erratic blocks." One who had through the exertions of a friend obtained a lucrative situation in the West Indies wrote to his benefactor in terms of affectionate gratitude, and promised what the recipient of the letter took to be an "elephant" for his kindness. An out-house was prepared at some little cost and inconvenience, but, when all was in readiness to receive the gift, the steamship only brought a jar of preserved mangoes. The sender of the letter had written, as he afterwards explained, "equivalent." A petitioner wrote to a synod of native magistrates saying that he would address them only as "individuals." He was a likely candidate, but his petition was summarily dismissed. The unfortunate one afterwards understood that the magistracy had thought he addressed them as "Indian devils."

It is sad to enumerate these instances of bad handwriting which have led to such untoward results. But surely there is a caution in them for the students of the writing school, and by them the careless writer may, perhaps, be admonished. Unfortunately, however, the old proverb *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*—the taking of everything which is unintelligible at a high rate of value—will probably still encourage illegibility of handwriting, as it has long encouraged obscurity of speech. Still it is an ill wind which blows no good, and this particular wind carries with it its advantages. The rigid moralist may say that they are tainted with

cowardice or dishonesty, but they have no objectionable hogs in the nose of the world. How often, for example, has it been found convenient, when the bonds of friendship or of love have become loosened, to write, in the penultimate line of a letter after Yours, some hieroglyphic which it is hopeless to attempt to decipher, and cannot be denied to mean anything which its former may afterwards think fit to declare it means! And how often has an examinee, knowing that one of two words is the right answer to a question, and not knowing which, inserted in his paper some graphic delineation which might stand equally well for either!

There are, it is said, temperaments of intelligence endowed with sympathies so fine, sensibilities so exquisite, that by merely gazing on a handwriting they are able to detect the writer's real and too often hidden character with unerring accuracy, and to read the secrets of his inmost soul as a less gifted mortal would peruse a printed page. These are they who can discover the poetic person by the facile curvature of his *pothooks*, and behold the signs of sensitiveness in the homogenous delicacy of his hangers; who find falsehood and want of fellowship in people's *p's*, and sweetness and nobility in their *q's*; who recognise a writer's intense irritability by the breadth of the tails of his *g's*, and his immense amiability of disposition by the circularity of his *c's*. It is these who are able to read irresolution in *m's* and *n's*, and penuriousness in an uncrossed *t* or an undotted *i*. Writings sloping downwards indicate for them that natural tendency to depression which one often finds among the poets; and ardour to an almost foolhardy disregard of life is clearly shown in writings which slope in a contrary direction. Flourishes, those luxuriant and gratuitous additions to the ends of words, betray egotism and self-assertion; and uncertainty of temper is to be expected in him who forms characters of dissimilar sizes.

The handwriting of women—which, as compared to that of men, is as a platoon of regulars to an awkward squad—must, we should imagine, present dire difficulties to the professor of this mystic art. Almost universal are their parallel slopings of more or less length, connected by acute angles. They all write, to use the words of Tennyson in "The Princess"—

In such a hand as when a field of corn
Bows all its ears before the roaring East.

And when they depart on rare occasions from this time-honoured precedent the consequences are sometimes disastrous. A gentleman, himself writing a delicate feminine Italian hand, became enamoured of a lady at a ball. The course of true love ran smoothly and quickly on into the lock of engagement. Then for the first time "this man," as the marriage service was so soon in his fancy to call him, received a letter from "this woman." At first sight he took it for a reminder of an outstanding bill from his tailor. The handwriting on the envelope resembled that—only too familiar to him—of the hated tradesman. It was formidably, offensively masculine. He was her only suitor, for, like Phebe in "As You Like It," she was not every man's market, and he was terrified out of the safe haven of matrimony by the first billet-doux he had the honour of receiving from her who thought to become his wife.

Another obstacle in the way of reading the character from the handwriting is, it may be well supposed, to be found in affectation. Hamlet is made to say that he once held it a "baseness to write fair, and laboured much how to forget that learning." The statist—or, as we now say, statesman—of his period were of a like opinion. Penmanship was too vulgar a quality to be diligently cultivated. But the people of that

time had perhaps stronger reasons for bad and illegible writing than the mere disdain of the acquisition of an accomplishment which from its votaries asks for little more than a little care and a little patience. They, like many people of the present, possibly sought to hide by an undecipherable scrawl an orthographical weakness. They may have been afraid, if they wrote better, it would be discovered that they could not spell.

This telling of the character by the handwriting is often supposed to be a modern idea of the present age; but that it is at least more than a century old is shown by a passage in Gibber's "Life" of that ingenious gentleman Andrew Marvell. While this poet was in France, he addressed some four dozen Latin verses to a certain one who, by looking on the writing, could describe the appearance, intelligence, and position of the writer. This illustrious "grammatomantist," as Marvell calls him, was named Lancelot Joseph de Maniban. He was an Abbot, and famous for entering into the qualities of those whom he had never seen, and prognosticating their good or bad fortune from an inspection of their handwriting.

We are told by scientific writers that in every person lies stored up a certain amount of energy, and that this energy must spend itself in some manner or another. There are many worse modes of spending energy than in the attempt to tell the character by the handwriting. To the uninitiated outsider the different formations of written letters seem as wholly purposeless and unmeaning as the idle flapping of a sail. But if they were of real significance, and were this art ever to sink from the airy domain of fancy into the firm and stable region of fact, it might well occasion a social revolution. Thought-reading would no longer necessitate any manual contact. The strain laid on the Post Office, of which that excellent institution so pitifully complains on St. Valentine's Day, would be sensibly diminished if the true thoughts of the writer could be interpreted from his writing. Could the letter be made to reveal what its author is chiefly desirous to hide, what an apocalypse of altered meanings would be the result! While the words said one thing, their written form would declare another. Society would be full of the letters borne by Bellerophon, and the business of letter-writing would soon, beyond all doubt, become extinct. Experts in this new art would be hired, as the pagan priests of old, to look narrowly into the fibres of our writing, and to consult with gaping care the pregnant entrails of our correspondence. And thence, as those old hierophants declared the future, so would these new artists show forth our hidden meaning—show the snake of animosity lurking beneath the tender verbiage of affection, the demon of fraud masked in the apparel of sincerity, and, in a word, lay bare for vulgar inspection the very secret tablets of our soul. J. M.

In 1889 Russian peasants killed or captured 318 boars, 85 wolves, 503 foxes, 14,834 hares, 71,960 squirrels, 539 martens, &c. On the other hand, bears and wolves destroyed, between them, 500 horses, more than 1000 oxen, and over 4000 other domestic animals.

The Jubilee Statue of the Queen at St. Heliers, Jersey, was unveiled on Sept. 3 by Lieutenant-General Charles Ewart, Lieutenant-Governor of the island. A procession, headed by the Bailiff (Sir George Bertram), marched from the States Room to the site, the route hither being lined with troops. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired from Fort Regent and Elizabeth Castle. The day was observed as a general holiday, and in the evening there was a torchlight procession.

WHAT IS MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR? OUTRAGED NATURE.



She kills and kills, and is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn—that Nature is only conquered by obeying her. For the means of prevention, and for preserving health by natural means, use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Its simple but natural action removes all impurities, thus preserving and restoring health. If its great value in keeping the body in health were universally known, no family would be without it.

THE HOME RULE PROBLEM.—In the political world Home Rule means negotiable ballast. In the sanitary world it means in the whole Metropolis upwards of 20,000 lives are still yearly sacrificed, and in the whole of the United Kingdom upwards of 100,000 fall victims to gross causes which are preventable. . . . England pays not less than £24,000,000 per annum (that is to say, about three times the amount of poor rates) in consequence of those diseases which the science of Hygiene teaches how to avoid ("and which may be prevented").—CHADWICK.

PASS IT BY IF YOU LIKE, BUT IT IS TRUE!!!

WHAT MIND CAN GRASP THE LOSS TO MANKIND and the misery entailed that these figures reveal? What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely death! to say nothing of the immense increase of rates and taxes arising from the loss of the bread-winners of families?

HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—"After suffering for nearly two years and a half from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything, and spending much money without finding any benefit, I was recommended, by a friend to try your 'FRUIT SALT,' and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good; and now I am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years.—Yours most truly, ROBERT HUMPHREYS, Post-Office, Barrasford."

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THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of ABOMINABLE IMITATIONS are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS. Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

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AN INTERESTING RUBBER.

From the painting by Norman Prescott Davies, in the possession of the Proprietors of Brooke's Soap.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

It is a world of change! Here is a new idea in diet, which purposes nothing less startling than to convert the vegetarians by showing them the errors of their boasted ways. This notion attracts the unregenerate mind. For so long the vegetarians have posed as the Pharisees of the table, having "the perfect way in diet," more cleanly, more refined, more economical, and more healthy than that followed by us the mob, that really it does one good to see them in their turn heartily taken to task on every one of those points by a converted member of their own faith.

It is nobody less than that gentle but ardent enthusiast, the secretary—or will it now be the ex-secretary—of the London Vegetarian Society, who brings the new fad—I beg pardon, I mean the new great and important discovery—to public notice. The credit of the invention, however, is ascribed to Dr. Emmet Densmore, and it is he who is so delightfully hard on the dietetic Pharisees, telling them that "obesity and diabetes can be traced directly to living on potatoes and cereals," which foods are "the unsuspected cause of much of the diseased conditions of modern life." The horrified vegetarian is frankly assured that his beloved brown bread, his whole-meal sheet anchor, "sets up a daily inflammation of the intestines, and slowly but surely produces a permanent derangement of the entire digestive tract," while the digestion of cracked wheat and hominy, and the other horrors of vegetarian diet, "causes a strain upon the vital powers, ending in a breakdown of the nervous system." This seems pretty strong, but it is not all. The cereals and pulses are "laden with earthy matter, and the decrepitude and stiffness of old age are the result not of the old age, but of ossification caused by eating" these things; so that it is "conclusively shown that bread is 'the staff of death';" and bread and vegetables put together "have most to do with causing modern disease, decrepitude, and premature death."

Truly hath the poet observed, "There is no rage like love to hatred turned." We others may have felt like saying all this many a time; but it took a converted vegetarian really to utter it. We knew well that vegetarian foods were unpalatable, and we suspected that they were unwholesome. But the vegetarian lecturer so roundly accused us of sensual, coarse self-indulgence on the first head, and so forcibly sneered at us for our anatomical ignorance of our own teeth and deeper internal arrangements on the second, that we have been abashed. We could not deny the unpoetic and even repulsive character of a flesh diet, "when you come to think of it." There are many details of daily life that have to be taken as

incidental to humanity, and not thought about too much or too seriously; and we felt of our meat dinners that their source was one of those matters in which we should follow Mrs. Gamp's advice, and "take 'em as they comes and as they goes." On the whole, we have been severely put down, and have not had much to say for ourselves before the rampant vegetarian. But it is his turn now!

But let it not be thought that Dr. Densmore and his new school are merely backsliders returning to the gustatory joys of lamb and asparagus, duck and green peas, or underdone roast beef and cauliflower. No! This would be too commonplace for notice. They have gone much farther back than to their grandfathers (for I am convinced that no vegetarian ever had two generations of vegetarian ancestors)—the diet would not maintain stamina enough for that!; for their "reversion to the original type." What does the first progenitor of man consume? Does the hairy ape in primeval forests grind corn with the husk on, and make it into wholemeal bread, or crush it for porridge, or boil and consume cabbages? Not at all; and he, and he alone, keeps to a natural diet. So here is Mr. Manning's and Dr. Densmore's new system of daily food—not for the ape, be it well understood, but for his civilised descendants, the docker, or the student, or the merchant, or the manufacturer of this busy, hurried, overstrained age:—

"From 12 to 16 oz. of dry food are needful daily to sustain nature. This can be secured if one assimilates $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. shelled nuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. any dried fruit, and 3 to 4 lb. ripe fruits; this would make a very ample bill of fare. A day's diet for beginners in summer should be about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of any dried fruit (soaked), to be eaten with a little fresh garden fruit (stewed), and 2 oz. ground cocoanut or almonds; about half a pint condensed unsweetened milk, or a quart of raw, or $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cheese, or three eggs, as preferred, may be taken, adding 1 to 2 lb. of ripe fruit, like cherries, plums, pears, as in season. In winter there should be more nuts consumed, and also more milk or cheese or eggs, for beginners. If fresh cow's milk, 1 quart to 3 pints might be used during the day (scalded), and then only about 2 oz. of cheese, perhaps, would be wanted, and no eggs. The Gruyère cheese or new Dutch will be found the best, without salt. Milk should be scalded, and eggs made into custard, for invalid stomachs."

Milk and eggs, however, are only concessions to the weakness of the convert. Shortly, these also are to be excluded from the dietary—remember that your aboriginal hairy ancestor did not milk cows into pans or keep cocks and hens in his back garden. Mr. Manning continues: "Probably, after six months' experiment, a day's dietary for a strong

active man might be for summer 3 to 4 lbs. cherries, apples, or plums, and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. nuts when shelled; and in winter, 2 to 3 lbs. apples, or pears, or grapes, $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 lb. dried fruit, say figs, prunes, dates, raisins, or sultanas, 6 to 8 oz. nuts shelled, such as almonds, Barcelonas, Brazils, cocoa-nut; while English walnuts and filberts are the best of all in their season. The best time to make a trial is after, or when taking a summer holiday, so that the fresh air may combine to make a good start. In fact, when the blackberries and hedge nuts are ripe, one can get all one's nourishment direct from nature free, in many of our country lanes and woodlands."

What a pity that the babes in the wood did not know of this! Now, who's for a trial of the new system of diet? Who will browse on blackberries and poach in coppices, and live free of cost on his holiday, hankering not after the flesh-pots of the boarding-house? To these are addressed the concluding paragraph: "Friends willing to make experiments in the non-starch diet, would much increase their value, by noting down before starting the exact condition of any defects in joints, skin, hair, nails, &c., and take a note of their weight."

It is, doubtless, a temptation to "friends" to "increase their value," but it is a new idea to do this by tabulating one's own "defects in joints, skin, hair, and nails." Will those of us who think we are faultlessly constructed in one and all of these details not be acceptable converts? Then how does one weigh the defects? Or is it the hair and nails and joints that are to be weighed, and, if so, how is the trick done? Seriously, however, I think the idea is a beautiful one; and when my husband comes home this evening I am going earnestly (but not very hopefully—only you never know what you can do till you try) to seek to indoctrinate him with these views. Think how much anxiety it would save me if only he could be converted. "You need not cook any dinner for to-night, Cook; I am going out," I should say. "Will the master be in, Ma'am?" "Oh, yes! You can send him up the apples and the figs and the filberts—that is all he needs!" As another poet observes, "Is visions about?" However, if he is converted, I will try to "increase his value" by "noting down his defects," if I can get him to keep still while I weigh them in the kitchen scales.

Austrian sticklers for etiquette are very much annoyed by the action of their Empress in dropping all titles on her present tour. It is usual for Sovereigns to assume a lesser title than their rightful one when they wish to travel without the bondage of State ceremony. But the Austrian Empress will be a "nobody at all," as far as her will can put aside her position. She has shown her taste for England by choosing to pose as an Englishwoman: she is to be

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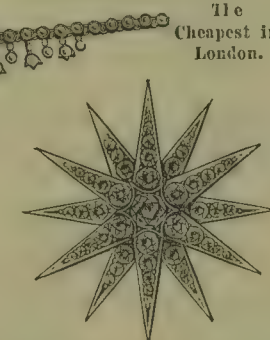
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FUR COATS FOR GENTLEMEN.

A Good Fur-Lined Overcoat for £10.

"HANDSOME FURS.—The International Fur Store, 163 and 198, Regent-street, London, of which Mr. T. S. Jay is manager, have ready one of the choicest stocks of fine Furs in the world, and from their special facilities are enabled to offer extra inducements to persons desiring these garments. The goods now made up are in new and beautiful designs, and consist of sealskin jackets, coats, and dolmans of selected skins, the perfection of colour and all of artistic finish. THEIR FUR-LINED COATS FOR GENTLEMEN ARE NOT EQUALLED IN THE WORLD. In addition they manufacture fur gloves for ladies and gentlemen, fur capes and fur boots—in fact, every garment in the fur line."

NEW YORK "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES"

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LUMBAGO.

From a Justice of the Peace.

"About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Embrocation, and its effect has been magical."

RHEUMATISM.

HARRY CARTER, Esq., 29, Fitzroy-road, Regent's Park, writes:—

"I tried your Embrocation, and was soon able to walk as well as ever I did in my life."

BRUISES.

W. H. ALDOUS, Esq., 21, Mo. ley-avenue, Wood Green, writes:—

"I tried a bottle of Elliman's, which effectually removed all the bruise and soreness."

PAINS.

S. TAYLOR, Esq., 10, Fowler-terrace, New Hendon, Sunderland.

"I have used your Embrocation for pains in the hip and knees, and have found great benefit from it."

RHEUMATISM.

Mr. JOHN DUGDALE considers that by continued use of the Embrocation he is preventing the rheumatism in his knees getting worse, as he had feared they would at his age.

RHEUMATISM.

Captain G. H. MANSELL, R.N., Pembroke Villa, Shirley, Southampton, writes:—

"I have derived great benefit by using your Embrocation for rheumatism."

SORE THROAT FROM COLD.

From a Clergyman.

"For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat from cold."

TRAINING.

WALTER A. LIDINGTON, Esq., Handicapper and Starter, West Kent Harriers, writes:—

"For running and cycling it is invaluable, and we would not be without it under any consideration."

SPRAINS.

From W. D. DENT, Esq., Secretary, Barnard Castle Agricultural Society.

"And regard it as invaluable for sprains, strains, or anything of a similar nature."

CYCLING.

From L. FABRELLAS, St. Sebastian, Spain.

"I am a member of a Cycling Club here, and can testify to the excellent results to be obtained by using your Universal Embrocation."

SPRAIN.

From ROBERT J. WALKER, Esq., F.R.G.S., F.R.H.S., Royal Colonial Institute, Northumberland-avenue, London, W.C.

"But I must confess that the second application gave considerable relief, and two bottles cured the same."

RHEUMATISM.

From A. BARTON, Esq., The Ferns, Romford.

"I write to say that had it not been for Elliman's Embrocation I should have remained a cripple up to the present moment."

HORSES, CATTLE, DOGS.**NO STABLE IS COMPLETE WITHOUT****ELLIMAN'S "ROYAL" EMBROCATION.**

For
SPRAINS and CURBS,
SPLINTS when FORMING,
SPRUNG SINEWS,
CAPPED HOOKS,
OVER-REACHES,
BRUISES and CUTS,
BROKEN KNEES,
SORE SHOULDERS,
SORE THROATS,
SORE BACKS, &c.
SPRAINS, CUTS, BRUISES in DOGS.

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"I consider it indispensable in any stable, but especially in the stable of a Master of Hounds."

"HADDINGTON, Master of Berwickshire Hounds."

"Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I find it first-class, whether for horses or hounds."

"ED. E. BARCLAY, Master of Mr. Edward Barclay's Beagles."

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"April 6th, 1890."

"It is with great pleasure I certify to the quality of your Embrocation. I have used it with success when other remedies failed, and I am never without it."

"R. J. STEPHENSON."

"Schwedt a.O., Germany,"

"June 14th, 1890."

"I beg to inform you that the Royal Embrocation has been very efficacious by using it for the horses of my regiment, and I beg you to send again twenty-five bottles."

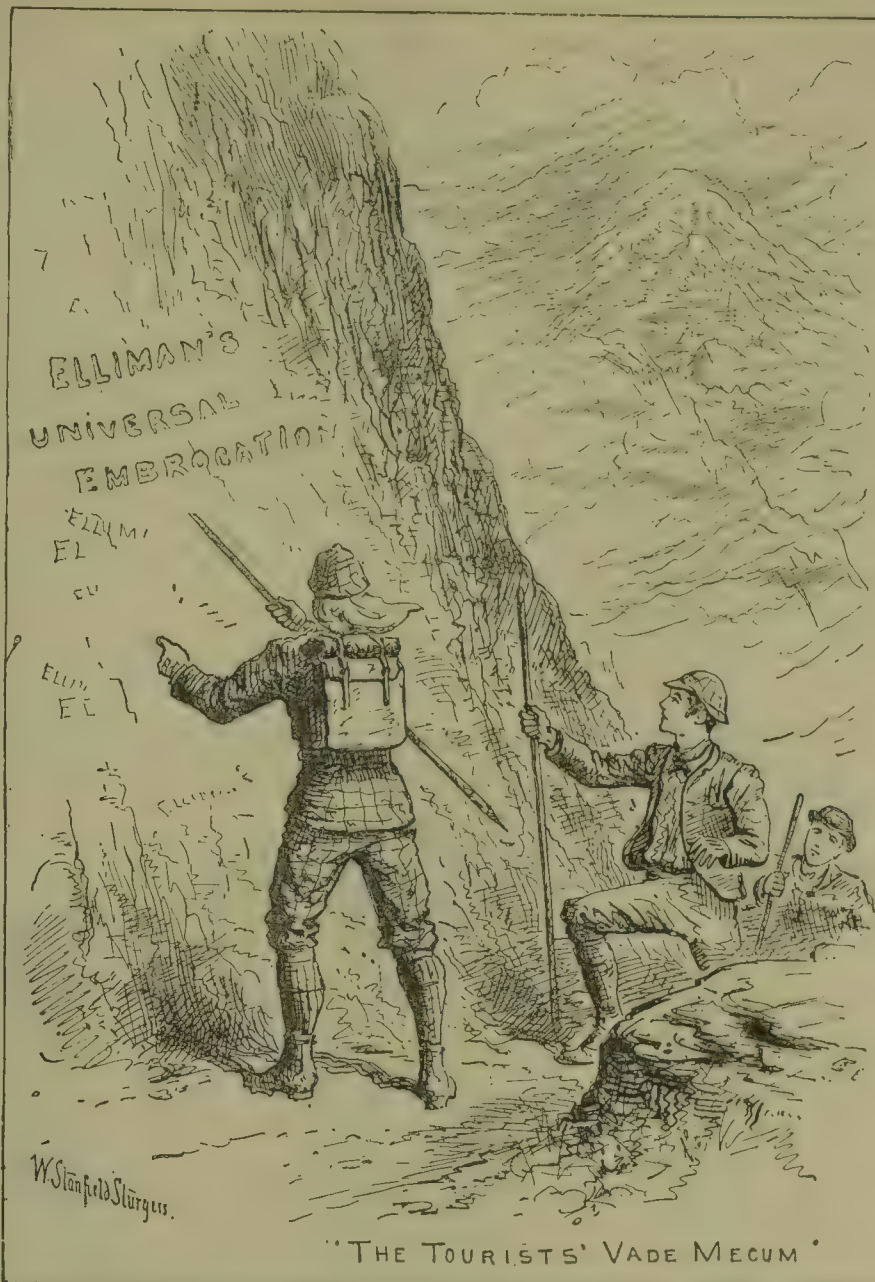
"LIEUT.-COLONEL V. BLUMENTHAL,
"2nd Dragoon Regiment."

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Prepared only by

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Elliman's Universal Embrocation, 1/1½ and 2/9.

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The Championship Team of the Finchley Harriers states:—

"Persons taking part in athletic exercises should give the Embrocation a trial, as it not only relieves sprains and bruises, but also prevents any of the ill-effects caused by over-exertion."

RUNNING.

A Blackheath Harrier writes:—

"Draw attention to the benefit to be derived from using Elliman's Embrocation after cross-country running in the winter months."

CHEST COLDS.

The Tufnell Park Hon. Sec. writes:—

"I can testify to the excellence of your Embrocation and its great popularity, not only for colds and sprains."

ROWING.

The Hon. Sec. Tower H. and A. C. writes:—

"After a hard tussle, your Embrocation soon restores the arms."

ACCIDENT.

From the Jackley Wonders, Oxford Music Hall, London.

"I was recommended by my friend 'Victoria' your Embrocation, and by using it for two days I was enabled to resume my duties."

FOOTBALL.

H. C. HALDANE, Esq., Charterhouse, Godalming, writes:—

"I find it very useful indeed after playing football."

STIFFNESS.

T. L. NICHOLAS, Esq., Member of the South London Harriers, writes:—

"I use a good deal of it during training, and find it very beneficial in keeping off stiffness."

FOOTBALL.

Perfor Athletic Football Club.

"Given entire satisfaction to all who have used it."

CRAMP.

CHAS. S. AGAR, Esq., Forres Estate, Maskellya, Ceylon, writes:—

"The coolies suffer much from carrying heavy loads long distances, and they get cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed with your Embrocation, is relieved at once."

STRENGTHENS THE MUSCLES.

From "Victoria," "The Strongest Lady in the World."

"It not only relieves pain, but it strengthens the nerves and muscles."

FOOTBALL.

GEO. PATTRICK, Esq., Hon. Sec. Hartlepool Athletic Association, writes:—

"I may say that some of the members of our Rovers' Football Club swear by it; and not only use it for sprains, contusions, &c., but rub it all over the body after a match."

SPRAINS AND STIFFNESS.

H. J. BURDEN, Esq., Peckham Harriers Hon. Sec., writes:—

"Used your Universal Embrocation for some time, and find it invaluable for sprains and stiffness."

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION.

Introduced to the public forty years ago, Elliman's Royal Embrocation has obtained a world-wide reputation, not only by its possessing remarkable healing properties, quickly restoring an injured limb or part to a healthy state, but also on account of the ease with which it is applied, its use being unattended by the slightest risk of blemish. A large proportion of the Masters of the Foxhounds, Harriers, Beagles, and Trainers of Race Horses throughout the United Kingdom use it constantly in their stables. The testimony of these men as to its efficacy all must recognise as unimpeachable. The Embrocation is very generally used by Contractors, Builders, Farmers, Brewers, Colliery Owners, Livery Stable Keepers, and Owners of Carriage and Draught Horses; in fact, by all those who see that it is the strictest economy to keep their horses' legs sound and fit for hard work.

Gold Medals awarded New Zealand Exhibition, 1882; Cologne International Sports Exhibition, 1889.

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION, Price 2s., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d. per Bottle, may be had from all Chemists and Saddlers in the United Kingdom and Abroad.

**ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION.**

"Mrs. Elizabeth Nicholson." It is not surprising that monarchical state and restraint should pall, nor that Sovereigns should sometimes look enviously towards this land of freedom of ours, where those restraints sit so lightly on the occupant of our throne; Queen Victoria taking no part, beyond precisely what she pleases to do, in Court or social ceremonial. When the Empress Elizabeth stayed in Norfolk, she was left entirely free by the inhabitants and visitors, and did exactly as she liked without special notice. In point of fact, however, this was a compliment to her position, for, had she been an ordinary private lady, her somewhat unusual course of daily life would have received more attention. She used to rise at five in the morning, and was rowed out to sea to take a swim from a boat. Returning, she dressed, but never put on a hat or bonnet; in place of a head-covering, her Majesty carried a gigantic Chinese paper fan, with which she shielded her head from the early rays of the sun, if necessary. Thus equipped, she either walked for hours along the sand, or rode at a breakneck pace over the country, generally attended by one person only. About ten o'clock she would re-enter her house, and would, perhaps, be no more seen by the public till the shades of night were falling. When she did walk, in the middle of the day, however, she was never followed. Hence, perhaps, the choice of a travelling name as an English-woman.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Mr. H. Culley, of Norwich, has been elected Coroner for the county of Norfolk.

A new wing for women at the Felixstowe Convalescent Home was opened, on Sept. 10, by Mr. W. Cuthbert Quilter, M.P., through whose munificence it has been erected.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

We have been requested by the executors to publish the following summary of the will of the late Lord Magheramorne, on the ground that the previously published extracts in other newspapers were inaccurate. Probate of his will has been granted to the executors, Sir Stuart Saunders Hogg, the Hon. Arthur Saumarez, and George William Campbell, Esq. The testator bequeathed charitable legacies to the Soldiers' Daughters' Home, Hampstead, £200; to the Royal School at Bath for daughters of officers in the Army, £200; to the trustees of the McGarel Townhall and Almshouses at Larne, Antrim, £5000. To Lady Magheramorne, an immediate legacy of £1000, jewellery, furniture, pictures, carriages, and horses; an annuity of such a sum as, with the income under her settlement, will make up £5500; and The Lodge, at Eastbourne, and his town house in Grosvenor-gardens, and stables, for life. An annuity to his sister, Miss Hogg, of £100; one of £15 to Miss Blackmore, formerly governess, and annuities and legacies to servants; £200 to each executor; £500 each to his daughter, the Hon. Edith Mary Saumarez, and her husband, the Hon. Arthur Saumarez; £200 to each of her children; £2000 to his eldest son; an immediate legacy of £1000 to each younger son, and an annuity of £200 to each younger son during Lady Magheramorne's life. Each younger son on attaining twenty-five, and after the decease of Lady Magheramorne, to have his legacy made up to £20,000, including his portion under his Lordship's settlement. The whole residue is settled, upon trust, for the benefit of the eldest son, the present Lord Magheramorne, and his issue. The net value of the personal estate is £159,718 11s. 7d.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat

of Ayrshire, of the general trust disposition and settlement (dated Sept. 4, 1888) of Mrs. Margaret Monteath Finnie of Springhill House, Kilmarnock, who died on June 4 last, granted to the Misses Mary Ann, Margaret, and Helen Finnie, and Mrs. Jean Buntine, the daughters, the executors-nominate, was resealed in London on Sept. 1, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £95,000.

The will (dated July 22, 1888), with a codicil (dated Jan. 21, 1890), of Mr. Anthony Elly Graves of Rosbercon Castle, Kilkenny, merchant, a member of the firms of William Graves and Son, New Ross, and J. P. Graves and Co., Waterford, who died on May 16 last, was proved in London on Sept. 2 by Mr. Elly Graves, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £29,000. The testator makes various gifts to each of his sons, including the old Elly property which he lately acquired from his sister Susan, to his eldest son William Robert; there is a bequest to his brother, James Palmer Graves, and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons, William Robert, Samuel Haughton, Frederick Palmer, and Elly.

The will of Mr. William North Row, J.P., late of Cove House, Tiverton, Devon, who died on June 30 last, was proved on Aug. 27 by Mrs. Elizabeth Row, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5800.

The will (dated April 6, 1880) of Mr. William Henry Chetwynd, late of Longdon Hall, Staffordshire, who died on July 5 last, was proved on Aug. 11 by the Rev. Henry Hanmer, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £15,000. The testator gives his horses, carriages, live stock, wines, furniture and effects, not entailed with the estates, a field at Longdon, and a meadow at King's

MAPPIN & WEBB'S

"Heaviest possible Plating."
Unequalled for Hard Wear.

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ILLUSTRATED (REGD.)
PRICE LISTS
POST FREE.



Registered Design. Six Solid Silver Afternoon Tea Spoons and Tongs. In Morocco Case, £2 10s. Princes Plate, £1 11s. 6d.



Engraved Cut-Glass Claret Jug, £2 10s. Solid Silver Mounts, £5 5s.



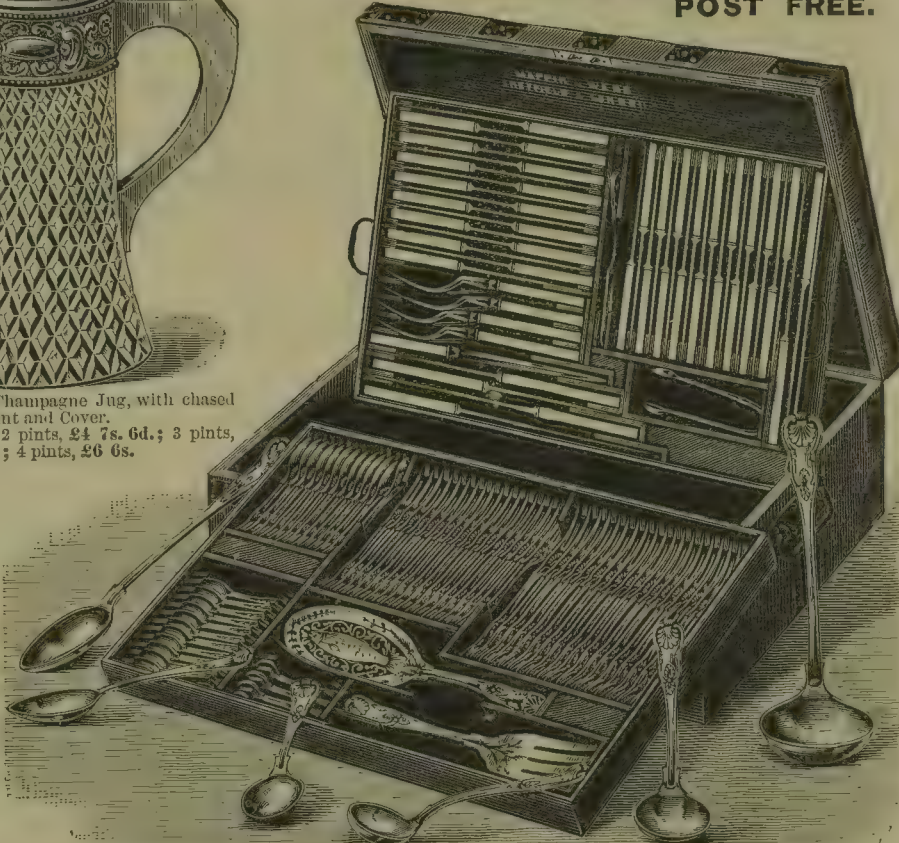
Richly Cut Glass Champagne Jug, with chased Mount and Cover. 1½ pints, £3 15s.; 2 pints, £4 7s. 6d.; 3 pints, £5 5s.; 4 pints, £6 6s.



New Fluted "Cherry Ripe" Dish, Gilt inside, £1 15s.



Very handsome Fluted Cake or Fruit Basket, inside richly Gilt, £4 4s.



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Patent Club Bottle Holder. The simplest ever invented. £1 4s.



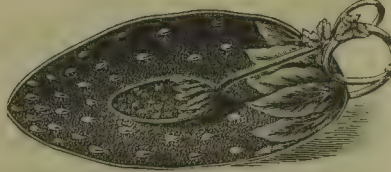
Oak Salad Bowl, with Princes Plate Mounts, £2 2s. Servers to match, 18s.



Fern Pot, richly Chased and Fluted, 16s.



Two Sterling Silver Salt-Cellars, Spoons, and Muffineers. In Morocco Case, £2.



Fruit Dish, richly hand-chased, and part gilt, £1 15s. Spoon to match, 10s.

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Manufactory: ROYAL PLATE AND CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

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SAMUEL FOX & Co., Limited, manufacture the Steel specially for all their frames and are thus able to provide exceptional quality at a merely nominal price over inferior makes.

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DELICIOUS
FLAVOUR.

MOST
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REQUIRING
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PEPTONIZED COCOA

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EVERYWHERE.

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DELICATE
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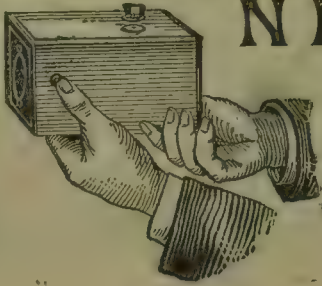
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Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL
COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant
odour.
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin,
or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER
is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

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MASON and HAMLIN American Organs.
PORTABLE MODELS for MISSION WORK.
£6 to £9.
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New Model, Style 2229, for Sunday Schools.

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May be had on the Three Years' System.
Prices from £8 to £100. Liberal discount for cash.
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RÖNISCH PIANOFORTES.
New Models. Beautiful Designs.
Touch, Tone, and Finish unsurpassed.
New Upright Grand Pianos. New Boudoir Grand Pianos.

MASON and HAMLIN PIANOFORTES.
An Improved Method of Stringing.
Bright, Pure, Musical Tone.

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Intending Purchasers of Pianofortes should hear
the Organo-Piano, as the effect of Organ and Piano
either separately or in combination is easily obtain-
able. The value of this wonderful invention (the
continuous vibration of the strings) cannot be too
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JOHN BRINSMEAD and SON'S
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GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.
Illustrated and Priced Lists post free on application.
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ERARDS' PIANOS.—Messrs. ERARD, of
18, Great Marlborough-street, London, and 13, Rue de Mail,
Paris, Makers to her Majesty and the Prince and Princess of
Wales, CAUTION the Public that Pianofortes are being sold
bearing the name of "Erard" which are not of their manu-
facture. For information as to authenticity apply at 18, Great
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PIANOFORTES, with iron frames, all modern improvements,
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The morning departure from London will, on Sept. 10, 11,
12, 13, 25, 26, 27, and 28, be postponed until 11.50 a.m., arriving
in Paris correspondingly later.

Improved Express Night Service Weekdays and Sundays.
London to Paris (1, 2, 3 Class). Paris to London (1, 2, 3 Class).
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Victoria (West-End) 8.50 p.m. Paris (St. Lazare) 8.50 p.m.
London Bridge (City) 9 p.m. arr. London Bridge (City) 7.40 a.m.
Paris (St. Lazare) 8.0 a.m. Victoria (West-End) 7.50 a.m.

Fares—Single, First 34s. 7d., Second 25s. 7d., Third 18s. 7d.
Return, First 58s. 3d., Second 42s. 3d., Third 33s. 3d.
Powerful Paddle-steamers with excellent Cabins, &c.
Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.
Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all
the principal places of interest on the Continent.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS see Time-
Book or Tourists' Programme, to be obtained at Victoria,
London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following
Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West-
End General Office, 23, Regent-circus, Piccadilly; and 8, Grand
Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill;
Cook's Office, Ludgate-circus; and Gaze's Office, 142,
Strand.
(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.
SEASIDE.
The SUMMER SERVICE OF FAST TRAINS is now running to
YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Cromer, Southend-on-Sea, Clacton-
on-Sea, Walton-on-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Felixstowe,
Aldeburgh, Southwold, and Hunstanton.
TOULIST, PORTNIGHTLY, and FRIDAY or SATURDAY
to MONDAY or TUESDAY TICKETS, at reduced fares, are
issued by all trains.
CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS TO THE SEASIDE, &c.
Southend-on-Sea and Burnham-on-Crouch Excursion Tickets
are issued Daily from Liverpool-street, &c. Fares—First, 5s.;
second, 4s.; third, 2s. 6d.
Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-Naze, and Harwich. Excursion
Tickets are issued Daily by train leaving Liverpool-street, at
9.10 a.m. on Sundays, 8.25 a.m. on Mondays (Fare, third class,
4s.), and at 7 a.m. on other days (Fare, third class, 5s.).
For full particulars see bills.
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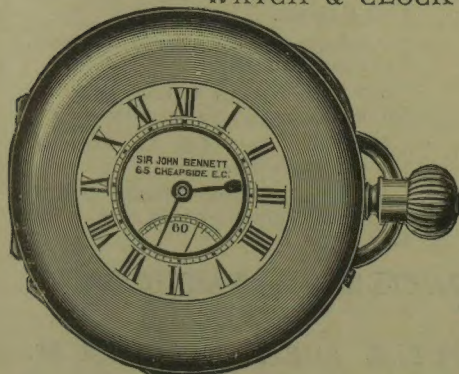
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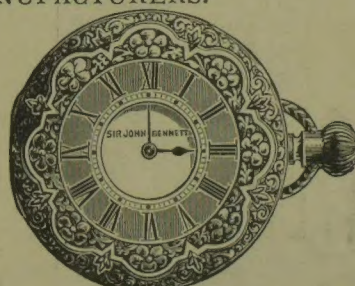
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WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in
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In oak or mahogany. With bracket and shield. Three
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KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for time, beauty, and work-
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SILVER WATCHES, from £2.

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LEVER WATCH.** A fine 3-plate English
Keyless Lever, jewelled, chronometer balance, crystal glass.
The CHEAPEST WATCH EVER PRODUCED. Air, damp, and
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By its aid the hair, beard, or moustache can be curled in any style in two
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Entirely harmless to the hair! Saves time and trouble, and never fails
to curl or crimp in the most graceful, beautiful, and artistic style.

Ladies who wear crimps, or other forms of false hair, will find the
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and can be used by everybody with entire success the first time.

Sent post free on receipt of 2s. 6d. by the

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Bromley, to his son Arthur; and the residue of his property whatsoever equally between his said son Arthur and his daughter Florence Lady Berkeley Paget.

The will (dated March 29, 1888) of Mr. Richard Townshend Webb, formerly of the Bombay Civil Service, late of 20, Montagu-square, who died on Aug. 12, was proved on Aug. 27 by the Rev. Edward Samuel Woods and Mrs. Grace Amelia Wynter, the niece, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £12,000. The testator gives considerable legacies to, or upon trust for, nephews and nieces; and there are other bequests. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nieces Margaret Wilson Woods and Grace Amelia Wynter, in equal shares.

The Recorder of London, in his charge to the grand jury at the opening of the session of the Central Criminal Court, regretted the number of charges involving the loss of human life either in the form of murder or manslaughter.

The Cardiff Town Council have decided by a large majority to vote an addition of seven hundred and fifty pounds to the Mayor's salary, for the purpose of honouring the Duke of Clarence on his approaching visit.

The eleventh annual exhibition of the Isle of Wight Fine Art Society, of which Princess Beatrice is president, was opened on Sept. 8 at Ryde. About 500 pictures were exhibited by artists and amateurs from all parts of the island, including a three-panel screen painted with flowers by Princess Beatrice. Her Royal Highness also sent a small oil-painting, "Sunset at Biarritz," which was greatly admired.

THE COURT.

As described in another page, the Queen honoured the Highland gathering in Waterside Park on Sept. 4. Lord Cadogan and Sir Charles Forbes, Bart., had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. On the morning of the 5th the Queen went out, accompanied by the Duchess of Connaught, and in the afternoon her Majesty drove with Princess Beatrice. Major-General T. Dennehy, C.I.E., arrived at the castle, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Earl Cadogan was also included in the Royal dinner-party. During dinner and afterwards some members of Signor Corti's orchestra, sent over by the Duke of Fife, had the honour of performing before the Queen and the Royal family. The ladies and gentlemen of the household and Dr. Profeit joined the Royal circle in the evening. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their children, Princesses Margaret and Patricia and Prince Arthur, left Balmoral on the 6th, where they have been on a visit to the Queen, for Germany. Their Royal Highnesses posted to Ballater, and took the train thence to Aberdeen. A large and fashionable gathering greeted the Royal party at Ballater Station, while at Aberdeen the precincts of the Joint Station were filled with a crowd numbering many thousands. The Royal yacht Osborne left for Hamburg at six o'clock in very fine weather. Earl Cadogan had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Divine service was conducted at the castle on Sunday morning, the 7th, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal household. The Rev. Archibald Campbell, minister of Crathie, Domestic Chaplain to her Majesty, officiated. The Duke of Clarence and Avondale

visited the Queen and the Royal Family on the 9th, and remained to luncheon. In the afternoon, her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and attended by the Hon. Harriet Phipps, drove to Prickley, and honoured Sir Allan and Lady Mackenzie with a visit. Afterwards her Majesty the Queen drove to Glen Muicke, and visited the Dowager Lady Mackenzie (widow of Sir James).

The Prince of Wales arrived at Marlborough House on Sept. 5. Previous to his leaving Homburg, his Royal Highness paid a visit to Prince Bismarck. On the 6th the Prince and suite visited Toole's Theatre to see "The Solicitor." The Prince of Wales arrived at Hesse Station on the 8th, and proceeded to Tranby Croft, on a visit to Mr. Arthur Wilson, for the Doncaster races. The station was decorated, and a triumphal arch had been put up at the entrance. Smaller arches were also erected, and many flags and banners were displayed along the route. The Princess of Wales, who is still the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Fife, at Mar Lodge, attended Divine service in the private chapel there on Sunday, the 7th. The Rev. W. E. Torr, of Birkenhead, officiated, and most of the party at the mansion were present, including the Duke of Clarence, Princess Victoria of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, and Princess Louise.—Prince George of Wales on the 4th visited the Quebec Turf Club races, and was enthusiastically received by the enormous crowd on the course. On the 6th his Royal Highness and Lord Stanley of Preston, the Governor-General, attended the races, and again met with a most hearty reception from the vast concourse. The Prince left on the 8th for Montreal, where another loyal welcome awaited him.

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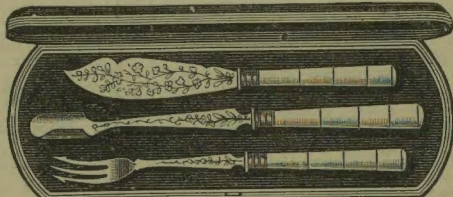
11 & 12, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.



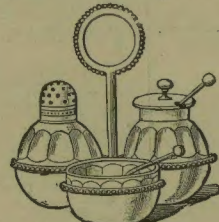
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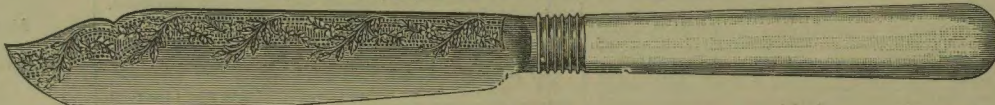


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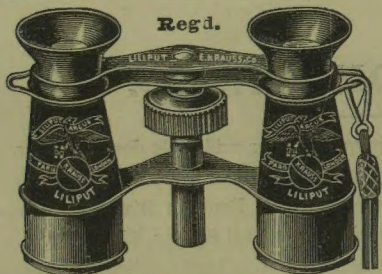
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"VINOLIA" SOAP

IS A RECENT SCIENTIFIC ADVANCE
WITHOUT ANY RIVAL WHATEVER.

WHICH soap is best? is a question being asked by many millions of people. Our answer is that "Vinolia" Soap embodies all the advances achieved in the manufacture of soaps in recent years, and that if there is a soap to compare with it we do not know it. We manufacture a pure soap on new and improved lines. We claim that it is pure, superfatted, lathers easily, and cleanses without injuring, and we are prepared to give chapter and verse, facts and figures, for everything that we claim. We herewith submit a chain of reasoning, proceeding carefully step by step, clinching our arguments at every stage, the whole constituting the substantiation of our claims in a scientific, logical, and irrefutable way—one such as has never been advanced in the pages of any popular journal before, and which is in every particular free from subterfuge, chicanery, evasion, and concealment. We stand on the solid rock; we know it, and the intelligent people of Great Britain know it; and those who would compete with us must be able to deal with any alleged points of perfection in this or that soap in a scientific and logical, as against a catchpenny style. Our line of argumentative procedure comprehends, first, an analysis of all the crude materials used, showing that they are the best; next, an examination by the most competent expert of the process of manufacture; then, a consideration of the perfected product from the standpoint of the analyst, skin specialist, and general practitioner, the whole backed up by almost the entire medical press of Great Britain; afterwards we offer easy tests by which the impurities appearing in ordinary cheap soaps can be detected if present. What more can be asked?

OUR CRUDE MATERIALS THE BEST.

Soap is, of course, made by the action of an alkali, such as soda or potash, upon a fat. The fat may be the purest, or it may be the flotsam and jetsam from the sewers collected on the surface of the Thames. "Vinolia" Soap is made from *edible* fats—fats such as are used for culinary purposes among well-to-do people. No cheap deleterious powerful scents are employed. The extra fatty matter used in superfatting is stable and will not turn rancid. All the crude materials are of the very purest quality, and the very best that can be obtained in any market. Dr. Alder Wright, F.R.S., says: "I have carefully analysed the various materials employed, and the finished products." The results of his analysis appear a little farther on.

PROCESS OF MANUFACTURE UNRIVALLED.

One of the greatest advances of recent years in the manufacture of soaps is what is known as "milling." By the milling process the soap as turned out, after boiling, into bars, is converted into thin shavings, which are exposed and dried in a hot atmosphere, and subsequently compressed by special machinery. The best soaps are milled, "Vinolia" Soap being the only one with a very large sale that we know of which is treated in this manner. Another improvement is gained by the patent for de-alkalising, or taking out any free soda that may be in the soap. Our own patent for superfatted soaps is another advance. In an important article before the Royal Academy of Medicine, Ireland, May 16, 1890, Professor W. G. Smith, M.D., stated that "*superfatted soaps—i.e., soaps containing some unsaponified fat—represent a real advance in the preparation of good soaps.*" (Medical Press.) Dr. Wright, whom we engaged to report on "Vinolia" Soap, writes: "I have inspected the process of manufacture of superfatted 'Vinolia' Soap." The results of this appear in the next paragraph but one.

THE PERFECTED PRODUCT PEERLESS.

We have now come to the completed product, and the subjoined analysis proves it to be a high percentage soap, superfatted, perfectly pure, de-alkalised, and containing a low percentage of water. The following is the analysis obtained in our own laboratory by Mr. C. Thompson, F.I.C., F.C.S.: Free alkali, 0.00; combined alkali (as Na₂O), 9.27; Fatty Anhydrides, 74.89; free fat, 3.81; salts, 0.92; scent, 2.56; water, 8.55; total, 100.00. These figures have been verified by the *Chemist and Druggist*, *British and Colonial Druggist*, *British Medical Journal*, *Lancet*, and other leading scientific journals. We have had the soap analysed by the best analysts in the kingdom, and our claims have been substantiated by independent analyses.

"VINOLIA" SUPERFATTED SOAP FREE FROM THE EVILS OF
OTHER PURE SOAPS.

Dr. Wright, F.R.S., reports the result of his investigation and analysis as follows:—

The results show that the ingredients are of excellent quality for the manufacture of a first-class soap, and that the process is carried out in such a way as to render the products wholly free from all surplus, uncombined alkaline matter, and, therefore, incapable of acting on tender skins in the injurious and objectionable fashion exhibited by most kinds of ordinary soap. A further amelioration is also effected by the incorporation with the soap of extra fatty matter, well calculated to soften the skin, and diminish the tendency to irritation sometimes caused in very tender subjects by even the purest of ordinary soaps.

So far we have submitted facts and figures, the genuineness of which is not open to the shadow of a doubt, and in this respect we stand alone.

PURE BEYOND ALL QUESTION.

"Vinolia" Soap is not coloured, medicated, or rendered artificial by treatment with chemicals, and is absolutely devoid of chemical admixture and adventitious matters of any and every kind. The analysis above substantiates this, and we have from time to time in the medical and other scientific journals published tests by which scientific people could satisfy themselves of the validity of our claims. Any amateurs or others interested in the chemistry of soaps will, upon application to us, receive easy tests for determining the presence of the following matters, which are used to sophisticate soaps, or which appear in them through obsolete or otherwise objectionable modes of manufacture:—

Sugar.
Methylated Spirits.
Rosin.
Water.
Mercurial Compounds.

Lead.
Arsenic.
Chromium.
Tartar Emetic.
Caustic Potash.

"VINOLIA SOAP" PROVED BEST BY SCIENCE AND USAGE.

We have now gone as far as chemical science can take us. We next pass into the realm of what in popular parlance is considered the practical application of the foregoing, and questions like the following rise before us: How does "Vinolia" Soap wash? How does it lather? How does it leave the hands and face? How does it agree with a tender skin? Does it dry the hair? Does it irritate or injure? Science answers all these questions satisfactorily, and daily usage ratifies its verdict "clear up to the hilt." In proof we submit evidence:—

(A) From the leading medical journals in the kingdom.

(B) From numberless medical men in active everyday practice, whose opportunities for trial in delicate cases are very great.

Anyone who applies to us will receive a pamphlet containing journal reports and the dicta of physicians and surgeons, men who are not venal, and to whom we have never paid a farthing.

We reprint here but two reports, as they are all for which we have space. It should be noted that they are of recent date, and deal with the very latest idea in the way of soaps from the high standpoint of the most advanced chemistry.

THE "BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL," Aug. 23, 1890, reports:—

This is a well-manufactured, hard, superfatted soap. It is devoid of free caustic alkali, and free from excess of water and from adulterants. THE ANALYTICAL STATEMENT SUBMITTED TO US BY THE PROPRIETORS AS SHOWING THE COMPOSITION OF THE SOAP WE FIND TO BE CORRECT. It is agreeably and not overwhelmingly scented, the process having been carried out with care. . . . "Vinolia" Soap is of unquestionable excellence, and is much in favour with the profession.

THE "CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST," April 15, 1890, reports:—

"Vinolia" Soap is absolutely free from uncombined alkali, the alcoholic solution remaining uncoloured by phenol-phthalein; and even when boiled in presence of water, so as to effect hydrolysis, no trace of colouration is produced. This is doubtless owing to the fact that the soap contains some 4 per cent. of uncombined fatty matter, the presence of which ensures the fixing of the trace of alkali which is liberated when soap of any kind undergoes hydrolysis. The advantage of uncombined fat in these circumstances is obvious. We find, moreover, that "Vinolia" Soap contains just over 8 per cent. of water, a quantity which is several units below the average contained in the best white Castile Soap. In short, THE ARTICLE IS AN IDEAL soap, is delightfully perfumed, a very little of it gives a lasting lather even with hard water, and the skin has a velvety feeling after washing with it. The soap is put up in an elegant manner, and chemists can recommend it with confidence.

CONCLUSION.

If, after so much direct and collateral evidence upon the *bonâ-fide* unrivalled excellence and absolute merit of "Vinolia" Soap, any reader of this is not led to try it, he would not be convinced though one rose from the dead.

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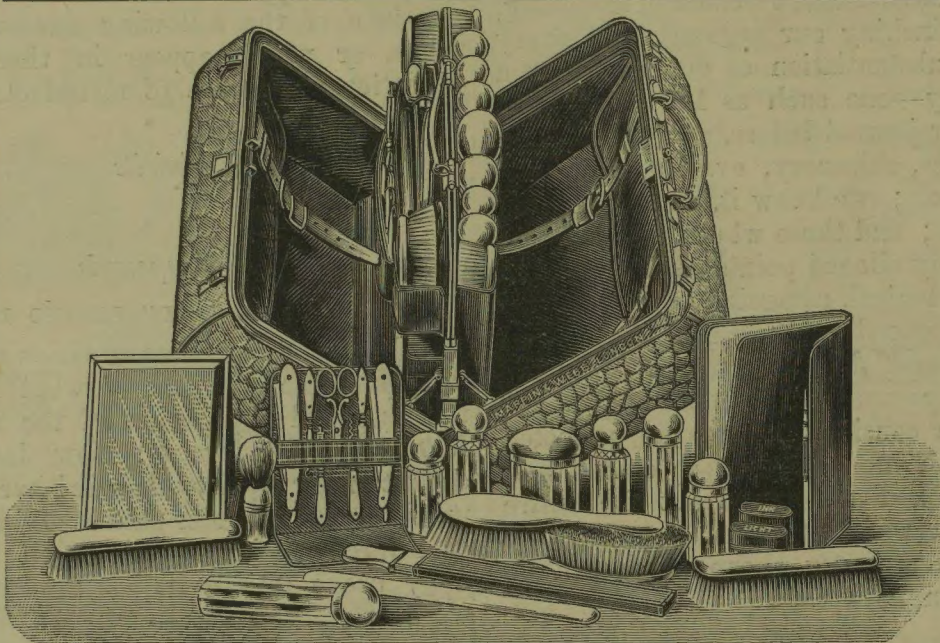
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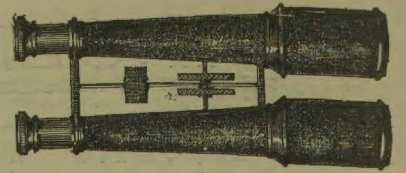
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